THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 64. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1885. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 27.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather;
O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer hide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

DOUBLE CUNNING.

The Tale of a Transparent Mystery.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

"WHAT have I done?" she sobbed, as she clung to him, and hid her face upon his breast. "You are saying it to try me. It is too cruel to make me betray myself like this."

"You are mistaken in me," he said, half angrily.

"Then it was to try me!" she cried. "You will not leave me, then?"

"I had half made up my mind to go to-morrow."

"And now you will stay," she whispered as her sobs grew less frequent.

"Now I shall not hesitate for a moment," he said, coldly. "Miss Pannell, you have mistaken me."

"No, no, no!" she wailed. "You are saying this for some reason. You could not treat me like this."

"Miss Pannell, for heaven's sake, think. You forget yourself."

She snatched her hands from his neck and stood up before him in the darkness with flashing eyes.

"Oh!" she sobbed, hoarsely; "this is horrible!"

"Hush!" he said, more gently. "We have been mistaken."

"And have I forgotten myself like this to be insulted?" she panted.

"I do not insult you," he said, in a low, deep voice. "You are excited and angry with me now, though my behavior has been throughout innocent of any thought beyond being your friend."

"Oh, this is cruelty indeed!" she panted. "You madden me by your treatment."

"I wish to treat you as a gentleman should treat a lady," he replied.

"And you have led me on for weeks past to think that you cared for me," she said, in an excited whisper, "only to play with me and cast me off."

"I'm very sorry," he said, quietly. "I have led such a retired life in the West that I do not understand etiquette. I wanted to be polite and agreeable, that is all. Miss Pannell, I'm very sorry. There now, let's shake hands. This has been a misunderstanding that you will forget in a few days."

"Of what is a man's heart made?" she muttered.

"I beg your pardon, indeed I do," he cried, earnestly. "Say you will forgive me. Come, let us be friends once more."

"Forgive you! You beg my pardon!" she said, in a fierce, angry voice. "Do you think words like these will atone for your grievous wrong? My brother shall punish you for this—he shall kill you!"

"Kill, eh? Come, Miss Pannell, isn't that rather hard upon a man who has never said more than a friendly word to you?"

"Oh, it is unbearable!" she panted.

"Don't talk like that," he said.

From his ignorance of such matters, he was trying to stem an overpowering tide—the anger of a passionate woman.

"I'm very sorry," he continued, when he had better have been silent and left her to herself—"I'm very sorry for all this, I am indeed. You're angry with me over a misunderstanding; but I don't deserve your anger, and when you've cooled down you'll give me credit for being frank."

"You professed to love me!" she cried, with a stamp of the foot.

"Upon my word, no. But there, come, let's part friends."

"Part?"

"Yes, for we had better not meet again. And there, don't you be afraid about me. I'm a very ordinary sort of fellow, but I am honest, and of course I can't help feeling a little flattered about all this."

"Then you do love me?" she cried, eagerly.

"Not a bit," he said, sharply. "I never did love a woman yet, and I never shall."

"Ah!"

"There now you are flying out again, and we had better understand one another in a cool, quiet way. I wanted to tell you that I can't help feeling flattered that you should have thought so much of me. I'm saying all this very lamely, but you must forgive me, for I mean well. But don't you be alarmed. What has passed to-night is a secret between us."

"A secret!" she said, contemptuously; and there was withering scorn in her calm look.

"Yes, a secret. I came to Europe to try and pick up a little of these people's polish—to try and make myself a gentleman—so don't you think I should be such a blackguard as to go boasting about all this to men I meet."

"Ah!"

"Yes, you are hurt, and you feel bitter against me; but you will not in a few days' time. You are going to shake hands with me directly, and then you are going one way, I'm going another, and all those words that you have said will be like so much thin air."

"Ah!" again.

"Let's forget all this," he said, softly; and, as he spoke, he held out his hand to her with a frank, manly look of pity in his face, in strong contrast to the bitter, vindictive aspect that the night half hid from him. As he held out his hand she raised hers, and a sob escaped her breast.

For one moment her right hand, sparkling with jewels, was raised as if to take his.

Then she became rigid as steel, and she struck his hand violently with her clenched and the marks of the rings were indented in his palm.

"Then you won't be friends?" he said, sadly.

"Friends?" she said, in a hoarse whisper. "Friends? You don't know me. You don't know what it is to slight a woman who offers you her love. Friends!"

"Yes, come, come; let us part friends."

"Friends with you? You have to learn yet what it is to insult me. I'll never forgive you. You shall hear of me when you least expect it, and, in spite of your boast, the day will come when you will be suing some proud woman for her love. Let her treat you then as you have treated me."

"How can you be so bitter?" he said, softly.

"How could I be anything else?" she said, fiercely. "But I can wait, and some day you shall repent all this."

"No, no, you'll forgive me."

"Never. Forgive you? Not if I were dying. Once more I tell you that you shall bitterly repent all this."

She turned away, and he stood listening to the loud ruff, ruff of her dress as she walked hastily towards the house.

* * * * *

AN ANNOUNCEMENT, AND THE INDORSEMENT.

"How unfortunate!" thought Range. "Poor woman! I have never flirted with her, as they call it. I must not go and leave her like this. It would be cruel—too cruel. It must not go on; but I ought to try and make some atonement to her. I'll stay a few days longer.

"It's very unfortunate," he muttered. "I don't know though. There's nothing very unfortunate in being loved by a handsome woman.

"Temper, though," he said, after a pause. "Well, I don't know that I should find fault with that.

"What is a woman without a little spirit? Besides, poor thing, she was half mad with bitterness and despair. I'll stop and break with her more gently.

"Too late. I'm in a mess. Here's a messenger from her brother. He wants me to fight, eh! Ah, well, I'm not going to be frightened into loving a woman."

For just then a dapper little French gentleman—Pannell's adversary in the Parisian restaurant—came up and raised his hat.

"Mr. Arturre Lincoln Wange?" he said. "Would he make me the honor?"

"That's my name. Yes, what is it?"

"I would speak to you words relate to people you have encountered here."

"I see," said Range, drily. "You came from the brother. In plain English you want me to fight?"

"To fight, yes," said the Frenchman; "word of honor, yes. There is cause."

"Matter of opinion, sir. Well, what does the brother wish? But you ought to see my friend."

"Your friend, sir? No; for you have play cartes with that man, that swindlaire!"

"What man? What swindler?"

"That Pannell man, with his wife."

Range caught the Frenchman fiercely by the arm.

"What?" he cried.

"You hurt my arm much. You are angry Monsieur. But I tell you that you are a trapped. Theen man is carte swindlaire—sharps you call him. He lives his wife, as you American says. He plays wis so pokaire and shout."

"Impossible!" cried Range, and the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Faith of a man, no, Monsieur. He has win you money. He go from place to place wis his wife, and——"

"Here! stop a moment," cried Range, who was half stunned by the light that struck in upon his brain.

"At pleasure," said the Frenchman. "I am at Sir's service. Sir is a gentleman. I am a gentleman. I like so play—to win—to lose. All gentlemen should make their best to disclose the carte sharp swindlaire, who goes about with a wife who is jolie to attraper—trap you call it—the young men."

"No, no, I can't believe it," cried Range, excitedly.

"Monsieur has been warn—put *en garde*. He will see."

"I beg your pardon," said Range, eagerly. "You mean well sir, and I thank you. Perhaps you are right, and I have been terribly deceived; but it is hard to believe it at first."

They bowed stiffly and parted, the French gentleman going back towards the hotel, and Range making for the darkest part of the garden, where he strolled into one of the arbors and sat down to think.

He had hardly taken his place when he heard voices approaching.

"Pannell and his sister," he muttered, and he half rose; but he did not wish to meet them, and he sank back in his seat as they began talking eagerly in a low tone; and from the sounds it was evident that they had taken their seats in the adjoining arbor.

Once more Range half rose; but he now became aware that there were at least three people present, one of whom said sharply—

"Did he know that you were Jack's wife?"

"No; hadn't a suspicion."

"Ah, there you were wrong, my lad. That's where you failed," said the same voice, in reply to what had evidently been Pannell's. "You're a fine-looking fellow, Jack, a good one at the cards, and you have the pluck of a lion, but in anything that wants a little brains to work it you're a baby."

Range sat grasping the seat with his hands, forgetful of every idea of its being a contemptible thing to do to play eavesdropper.

All he realized was that these people were talking about him, and that there must be something more than he knew, though here was proof evident that the Frenchman was right.

"Why, what ought I to have done?" said Pannell, gruffly.

"Let the fool think it was your wife. This sort of fellow doesn't care about marriage. You might have turned him round your thumb."

"Ah, you're very clever," growled Pannell.

"Can't help it," said the other voice. "'Tis my nature to."

"I did my best. I got about five hundred out of him."

There was a thump on the table here, and Range ground his teeth with rage.

"I'm ground sharp, I am," he muttered to himself. "It was time I traveled if I let the first sharper I meet trick me."

"That's you all over, Jack Pannell," said the voice Range did not know. "You begin at once to try and get hold of a few hundred dollars, and let the great substance slip your fingers. Confound you! Big body: little brain."

"Don't you go too fear," growled Pannell ominously.

"No, no, Shell, no quarrelling," said another voice fresh to Range. "No words, please; no words. Jack Pannell was right: he has got something. If it hadn't been for this, all the money we've spent so far would have been thrown away."

"Pish!" cried the other. "Do have some b. eadth, Nathan. Well, Sarah, so you've made a *coup manque* this time?"

"Yes," said the deep, low voice that Range had often fancied so pleasant and sweet; and he thought, as he sat there biting his lips and asking himself if he were in a dream, it all seemed so impossible after the scene of a short time back.

"Shouldn't have thought it."

"Yes, I've failed," she said, hoarsely; "and I tell you, I'm sick of all this wretched degredation—this lying and cheating. If I were an actress at a theatre I could live another life as well."

"Thank goodness!" thought Range, "she is not at all bad."

The next moment he drew in his breath with an angry hiss as she went on—

"Here I'm to be always pretending and being dangled about as a bait, and for such an idiot as this."

"He is a bit of an idiot then, is he?"

Range felt the blood tingling in his cheeks and brow.

"Yes, a cold-hearted, miserable, despicable wretch. I tell you I'm sick of it."

"You live well, Sarah, and I noted, as I looked round to-day, that you were the best-dressed woman at the 'Bad.'"

"I tell you I'm sick of it," she cried, in a low, angry voice. "I'm sick of the degradation. Jack shall break with you too. I'll have no more of it."

"Seems to have put you out a good deal, Sarah."

"Put me out? Look here, Frank Sheldrake, I know what you think of me; but I tell you this, you need not bully my husband——"

"Her husband," thought Range. "Well, that's proof enough," and he drew in his breath with another hiss.

"For I tell you this, if that Range had been anything like the man I thought him, you should not have fleeced him."

"Eh! What do you mean?"

"I'd have put him on his guard."

"Delicious enigma, woman! Why, Jack Pannell; don't you feel jealous? The millionaire has made an impression."

One moment Arthur Range felt ready to leap up and dash into the next arbor; the next moment some word spoken chained him to his seat, and he stayed.

"No," said Pannell, sulkily. "Sarah and I understand each other a bit."

"Ah, well, you're not going to warn him now, are you?"

"Pshaw! No. Do your worst. I'll help you all I can."

"That's better," said the same bland voice. "Richard—I mean Sarah—is herself again! Now, look here, wasn't I right?"

"I must listen," thought Range, for the thought that he was the object of this plot drove out all others.

"Right how?" said the thin eager voice, that was also strange to the listener.

"Why, about bringing part of the brigade to bear instead of the whole."

"Right? no," growled Pannell. "Shell, you're the most conceited fool I ever met. Here, if you had come on at once when we had him in tow, we might have got a good round sum out of him in place of a few hundreds. The chance is gone now, and the game is up."

"Yes," said the thin sharp voice, "I know it. I felt that we were wasting good capital. You're right, Pannell. He wouldn't take my advice. He is so headstrong over his own plans. The game is up."

"Is it?" said the bland voice.

"Yes," said the woman's voice, softly. "He starts for England to-morrow."

"Does he?" muttered Range; and then he listened more intently for Sheldrake uttered a quiet—

"Ah!"

"And the sooner we get back the better."

"Think so, Nathan? Ah, well, we'll see. I'm a fool, am I, and headstrong, eh?"

"Yes, horribly headstrong. No end of money has been spent."

"Don't talk so loud, Nathan Mewburn. No one is likely to hear us, or to understand us if he did, but we may as well keep our tongues in hand. Hah! yes, this has been a failure, but it was only a skirmish. I've made the plans of my campaign, and this was only feeling the enemy."

Range longed to creep nearer, but he dared not move, and he sat there in the darkness as the scent of a good cigar floated to where he listened.

"Now he's going to play the general," said Pannell with a sneer.

"Yes, big, handsome, broad Jack Pannell play the general. My dear boy, I'm enjoying a good cigar. I have dined well, and I am now in a tranquil and amiable frame of mind, and ready to bear your blunderings philosophically. My dear boy, the proper study of mankind is man. You will find it in the writings of the most irreligious of Popes."

"Don't fool about, Frank," growled Pannell.

"Yes, don't fool about, Shell," said the other. "What shall we do next? Why not start back to-morrow, and be content with what Jack Pannell has got? Every hour we stay here is so much heavy loss."

"Ah, let's get back. There's a French scoundrel I won a few pounds from at Paris come in to-night, and he'll be talking about me because I wouldn't stop and fight."

"Proofs accumulate," thought Range. "I'll hear what they mean to do."

"A fellow," continued Sheldrake, in a low voice, and in a deliberately tantalizing manner, "sees someone fail in hooking a fish after the first cast, and calls his brother man fool. 'Pack up your tackle,' he saith, 'and let's go home. We shall never catch that fish.'"

"And we never shall now. He has seen the tackle and bait, and will be on his guard."

"Perhaps so," said Sheldrake, calmly; "but, speaking as a fool, I say wait awhile. We would not take our pretty butterfly, and while it was being played before his eyes, I said 'let Nathan Mewburn and me keep out of sight behind the bushes.' Now you see the fool's plan was right. The fish has seen the tackle, the big fisherman, and the bait, but the men behind the bushes has not been seen, and they have their turn to try."

"Yes, but how?" said Mewburn, in a low whisper full of eagerness.

"You're always bragging about plans," said Pannell. "What are you going to do? Are you really going to try again?"

"Am I really going to try again?" said Sheldrake, quietly. "Ha, ha!"

"Curse you, why don't you speak?" growled Pannell.

"Don't waste words, Jack. One of your curses would never harm anyone."

"We're wasting time," said Mewburn, querulously, "and time here means money. Speak out, Shell; do pray speak out, if you really have any plan worth working."

"Plan worth working!" exclaimed Sheldrake, throwing himself back in the rough garden seat; and a spark of light came through the light trellis over Range's head as the man cast the end of his cigar away. "Plans! You called me a fool amongst you," he continued, in a low, fierce voice that startled the listener, it was so changed; "but you don't think me a fool. Do you suppose I've come all this way for nothing, and with never a bright star to lure one on? No, my lads; I'm going to lay traps; I'm going to spread nets; I'm going to be the unseen spider for that little golden fly. The threads shall cling round him till he's helpless, and he shall say, 'There you are, suck my blood; suck all you want, but leave me just enough to live.'"

"Hah!" came in a low hiss from Mewburn and a soft sound, as of someone gently rubbing his hands.

"I'm going to spread that spider's web for that fly if it's broken and torn five thousand times, and if it takes me twenty years."

"Humph!" grunted Pannell.

"Hah!" hissed Mewburn, as the soft rubbing of his harsh-skinned hands continued, and with it a crackling noise as of one ring touching another. "And if," he whispered as he seemed to have caught the eager infection, "you can't do it by fair means, you will try——"

"Foul!" grunted Pannell, for his companion had stopped.

"No," said Sheldrake after a pause. "I'm not that kind of a fool. That's the work of a clumsy, ignorant brute who sheds blood, gets hanged for his pains, and serve him right.

"He is put out of the world. Now, Master Nathan Mewburn, I pride myself on being a gentleman. Any clumsy brute can knock a man down with a life preserver, striking so hard that he never comes to. Any self-satisfied idiot can poison and be found out. I tell you I am not that kind of fool."

"Look here, Shell, I was huffed just now. I beg your pardon."

"Granted, my good big Jack. I'm not put out. I want you, and I want Nathan here, and I shall make this coup a big one for all. You were huffed at your bit of a failure.

"After all, perhaps Ista meant it as a start. Your five hundred will go into the bank to the rest, and it won't be bad to catch our fly with his own honey."

"Then you mean to follow him to England?" said the deep, rich voice that had spoken that night of love.

"If he goes there next I shall, my dear madam. And, by-the-way, did you speak in tones like that to Cronsus?"

"Why?" she retorted, hashly.

"Because if you did, I wonder you should have failed."

"Keep your compliments to yourself, unless you want Jack here to be told to knock you down. He can."

"Yes, or an ox," said Sheldrake, very coolly.

"I say, then you are going to follow him to England?"

"And I say yes."

"And you are in earnest? You mean to carry out your schemes?"

"Do I mean to carry out my schemes? Ha, ha, ha!"

Range felt a curious shudder run through him as he heard the man's low, mocking laugh.

"Then lose no time," said the woman, in a low, passionately vindictive voice.

"Right, right," said Mewburn, rubbing his hands. "She's right; it will save capital."

"He will go to-morrow, I feel sure," continued the woman. "Follow him at once. I'll help you; Jack shall help you in any way, and——"

"Gently, gently," said Sheldrake, quietly. "I am going to advise you to keep out of sight—for the present," he added, meaningly. "Your time will come; and you mean," he said, softly, "you mean——?"

"To follow him till I bring him down before me on his knees," she said, in a voice that was half choked with rage. "He shall beg—and——"

"Hush!" whispered Sheldrake, "there is someone in that next place."

In his excitement, Arthur Range had drawn a loud hissing breath, and he started at those words to his feet, for he heard at the same moment a peculiar click! click!

CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

"NO, no; don't fire!"

Some heroes of adventure would doubtless have dashed through the frail trellis work and alighted in the midst of the plotters, declaring himself the object of their pursuit, and scattering the evil-doers by a display of bravery backed up by rectitude.

Arthur Lincoln Range was not a hero of adventure.

Moreover, he had more than once seen mining affrays in his own land whose results were hasty funerals amongst the needle-shedding pines.

More than once he had noticed what a very small hole made by a little conical bullet was sufficient to let out the whole of a man's life.

Under these circumstances, and with a full belief that the better part of valor was discretion, he darted out of the arbor, passed amongst the clumps of evergreens, and was lost in the gloom before the occupants of the next place could get round.

"What a coward I am!" he said to himself, as soon as he neared the illuminated part of the garden. "I ought to have faced the gang of swindlers—and perhaps have been shot."

Range passed on up to the terrace, took a chair at one of the tables, and lit a cigar, at the same time bidding a waiter bring him some coffee.

"It was cowardly perhaps, to run like that," he thought; "but what a gang! Well, forewarned is forearmed. What did that fellow say? He had made his plans—play spider—and me the fly—suck my blood—money of course."

He took a sip of the coffee that had been brought, and as he did so noticed through his half-closed eyes that a handsome elderly man of military courage led his companion a young and very attractive lady, to a seat close by.

"I shall think all handsome women pitfalls and snares for the future," Range said to himself. "Who could have thought it? She seemed so real that I began to think I was cold and stony, and that, even if I did not care for the woman, my time had come, and that it was a duty I owed to her to marry her, and learn to love her afterwards. The Jezebel!"

The military-looking gentleman, whose hair and moustache were of silvery white, though his face bore few of the marks of age, seemed to be treating his companion with a marked chivalry of manner: and, as Range sat communing with himself, he noted the various little attentions paid to the lady, and the tender, almost paternal, high-bred courtesy displayed.

"What had I better do—pack up and go back at once?—like a cur with his tail between his legs, because I am frightened! What an idiot I—hah! that's what they said I was.

"Suppose that I show them I am not. It would be too absurd; run off because a pack of sharpers want to swindle me! No, I'm not going to run away. That's what they will do, for I'll be bound to say I never set eyes on that pair again. I wonder what the other two were like?"

Almost as he said this a couple of spectacled Germans seated themselves on the further side of the elderly officer and the lady, ordered books of Strasbourg beer, and began to fill large meerschaum pipes, and then sat smoking in silence.

"Do you feel at all cold, my dear?" said the elderly officer, and he made a movement towards the light scarf that was hanging on the back of his chair.

"Not in the least," was the reply. "Why, Harry, dear, you want to spoil me."

The current of Arthur Range's thoughts was turned, and he involuntarily raised his eyebrows as he mentally repeated the lady's words—"Why, Harry, dear, you want to spoil me"—and looked at them curiously.

"Not father and daughter. A case of honeymoon. May and December—well, no, say sunny October. Fine, gentlemanly fellow. Lady—well, if I not had a sickener of the species I should say a very handsome month of May; but—yes, she is a very beautiful Englishwoman."

In fact there was so much to attract in the lady's sweet, almost girlish, face that whenever he had an opportunity of doing so without being rude Range glanced at her oval face, abundant dark-brown hair, and large, heavily-shaded eyes.

At every look he seemed to find fresh attractions; now it was her well-cut, very slightly aquiline nose.

The next time it was her pleasantly curved mouth.

Directly after the glimpse obtained of white teeth as the lady's face lit up with a very engaging smile.

"Yes; she's very handsome," thought Range. "So was Miss Sarah Pannell. But, hang it! I'm insulting a beautiful English lady by making comparisons. All women can't be bad, and this one looks to be innocence itself. She is, I'd swear!"

Rather a bold declaration for inexperience to make, but he made it, and sat back noting the actions of his neighbors without appearing to be heeding them; while, on the other side, the two German gentlemen smoked stolidly on, and sipped their beer, gazing apparently on vacancy, for their large, staring spectacles gave them an extremely stolid look.

"How pretty these places are," said the lady, suddenly; "the lights glancing among the trees, the distant strains of the music, and the soft, summery feeling there is out here. It is very beautiful."

"So beautiful that you will regret going back to poor old Yorkshire and humdrum life again?" said the old officer, with a tinge of sadness in his voice.

"Harry!"

It was only one word, and it was accompanied by a glance round to see that the action was not observed as a little, carefully gloved hand was laid on the old officer's arm.

"But it will seem dull for you," said he, tenderly.

"Dull! And with all my new life to attend to! How can you ever think such things?"

"You have seemed to enjoy our tour so much."

"Of course I have," said the lady, gaily. "It came all so fresh and new and bright—and," she whispered, "I have been so happy!"

Range did not catch these words, but he saw a look pass between the pair, and felt somehow half annoyed.

"I wish they'd go," he muttered. "Ah, well! they came here. I did not go and sit down by them."

"I've enjoyed it immensely, dear," said the lady, nodding her shapely head; "but I don't want to stay any longer. One doesn't want to live on bon-bons."

"Then we may go back home soon?"

"As soon as you like, dear. Let's leave these places with a pleasant remembrance; and, ah! when you come to compare it, what is, after all, to compare with dear old Helmthorpe and our Yorkshire hills?"

"You are saying that to please me."

"I'm glad it does please you; but I did not."

"This is getting sickly," muttered Range. "I must go."

"Besides," continued the lady, "look at the company we shall have. George Carleigh home from the wars. How ridiculous it will be! I wonder what he will say."

"What, George? Delighted to get home again, of course. Hah! he must have some good shooting this year. I wonder how Burton has got on, and what visitors he has had from Sheffield and Rotherham."

"What, poachers, dear? Oh, I hope there will be no trouble with him."

"None at all, my dear, if the Sheffield lads leave me alone, and don't be taking a fancy to my birds."

"Never mind them. Then there's Judy."

Range was getting up to go, yawning slightly, but that last word made him drop back into his chair.

"I wonder what Judith is like now. I hope that horrid Eastern sun has not spoiled her lovely complexion."

Range took out his cigar-case, and his fingers trembled as he selected a fresh roll of leaf, staring very hard now at the two Germans, who looked straight before them and did not speak.

"I don't suppose she will be altered a bit, nor Robert either. We shall just be in time to get settled before they come."

"Judith—Robert!" said Range to himself. "Miss Judith Nesbitt—Sir Robert Fanshaw. Oh, it is impossible!" and he jumped up hastily and went to the hotel.

As he did so, the two spectacled Germans deliberately emptied their books, and rose and followed him.

Range went straight to the Herr Landlord's office and asked to look at the visitors' book.

It was handed to him with a bow, and on opening it there was the arrival on the previous night, from Baden-Baden, of General Sir Harry and Lady Fanshaw.

"It must be a brother," thought Range; and he walked quickly back, passing between the two German gentlemen, who slowly turned, followed him, and began to promenade deliberately near the table as Range went straight to where the elderly gentleman and lady were sitting.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hastily, "but Sir Harry Fanshaw, I believe."

The old officer bowed rather stiffly.

"I hope you'll excuse me. I could not help hearing you speak sometimes. I heard names—I—I——"

Range was very hot and confused. He needed a little European polish.

"Pray continue," said Sir Harry.

"My name is Range—Arthur Lincoln Range."

The general bowed.

"One of the richest men in the States, and never even heard of," thought Range, like a flash.

"From America—Colorado."

Sir Harry bowed again, coldly. The lady looked coy; she had read of intrusive Americans.

Here was evidently one.

"I'm taking a run through Europe," said Range, hurriedly, and feeling terribly in want of the calm ease he saw amongst gentlemen.

Sir Harry bowed again, and a slight frown began to appear on his clear forehead.

While the two Germans had stopped, and one of them was very deliberately lighting a match to hold to his companion's pipe as he uttered the one word—

"Zo!"

"I took a run all around the world last year."

"I beg your pardon. You'll excuse me. Lady Fanshaw will feel the night air."

Sir Harry rose stiff.y

"Exactly! Yes!" said Range, desperately. "I beg your pardon—rather rude of me; I was only going to say I stopped a month at Malaypore. How distant these English are!" he added to himself.

"At Malaypore?" cried Sir Harry, stopping short.

"Yes; part of the time with Sir Robert Fanshaw."

"My brother?"

"Yes; and I met Miss Judith—Miss Nesbitt."

Sir Harry's manner was entirely changed. This was the best of introductions.

"My dear sir," he cried, warmly, as he shook hands, "I am very glad to meet you. Let me introduce you to my wife. Alice my dear, of course this is the gentleman of whom Robert spoke. Mr. Range, I beg your pardon, I don't care to make many acquaintances when traveling—an insular habit—but I am glad to know you."

Lady Fanshaw did not feel the cold air for some time longer, neither did the two German gentlemen, who had seated themselves at another table to drink two more books of beer and make clouds.

In fact, a lively conversation about Malaypore was carried on for quite an hour, during which time Sir Harry had come to the conclusion that their new acquaintance was rather American—naturally—but a nice, frank manly fellow.

Alice—Lady Fanshaw—had found him extremely natural and shrewd, and when

they parted for the night the lady observed to her husband—

"I'll be bound to say, dear, that there's something between Judy and him."

"No, no, no! Nonsense, my dear! We mean Judith for Gerge Carleigh. That's as good as settled."

"Ah, well!" said Lady Fanshaw, merrily, "we shall see."

As for Range, he had made two very agreeable acquaintances—had accepted a most warm invitation to go down to Helmthorpe, Yorkshire to stay.

What was more, he was going to remain two more days at Salzbingen, and then travel with Sir Harry and his lady.

Lastly, he had forgotten all about his bit of a scare over the arbor matter, or if he recalled it for a moment it was only to smile at his escape—from an ugly entanglement at so moderate a price—as he considered it. He had given his enemies funds to carry on the war, but he felt convinced that he should hear no more of them now.

They had only been vaporing, and if he did encounter them — there were the police.

All the same, as soon as Sir Harry, his lady, and Arthur Range had finished their conversation, the cloud-making ceased, the books were emptied, and the two German gentlemen walked slowly away to another hotel, where they sat talking for some hours with John Pannell and his wife.

It is worthy of remark that they were now without spectacles, and the German aspect had passed away!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No Answer.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

I AM sorry George!"

Harry Pierce turned his face away for a moment from the sweet, beautiful one looking into it.

It was not in the least degrading to his manhood that the large tears gathered for an instant in his eyes, as the gentle voice spoke the words that told him the strongest hope of his life was crushed forever.

The room was silent after Maggie spoke, and a strong heart wrestled dumbly with its great agony; a tender one sought for words of comfort and relief.

When Maggie spoke again, her own pretty eyes were moist, and a tremor was in her low sweet voice:

"Believe me, Harry, I never dreamed of this. For so many years, ever since I was a little girl, you have been so like a brother that I have given you a sister's love, and did not think you wished for any other. Harry," she continued, piteously, "tell me you do not think I have trifled with you, or willingly wounded the noblest, truest, and best heart in the world."

"Darling," said Harry, hoarsely, "I know you have not. It was my own blindness, my own great love that deceived me. Tell me, Maggie, is there no hope for me in the future, when you may cease to love me as a brother, but love me dearly and affectionately as I love you?"

The answer came slowly and very tenderly:

"I am the promised wife of Edward Glover."

The room reeled before Harry's eyes; then, by a great effort, he straightened himself, and controlled his voice to speak:

"He is worthy, Maggie, even of your love. May Heaven grant you every happiness!" and as he spoke, he softly touched the raven hair of Maggie's bent head with his lips, and left her.

She went to her room crying softly. It was a sore pain to her to know that Harry loved her so deeply.

There was no thought of girlish triumph over a new conquest, for Maggie had not one spark of coquetry in her simple nature.

No pain of her happy, innocent life had been so great as this sympathy and regret for Harry.

She was but a mere child when her uncle had taken Harry into his household to study medicine with him, to become, in course of time, as dear to him as a son.

He was not entirely dependent on his profession, having a small income inherited from his father.

To Maggie her uncle's house had been a second home since she was a child.

Situated about two miles from her father's residence, the distance had been considered too great in her childhood for two walks in the day, so that a visit to her uncle's was usually of two or three days' duration. She was the star of the whole household, from her uncle to the housekeeper, and even down to the office-boy, who considered her a little angel.

Harry's arrival gave the damsel a new admirer in the strong, rough lad, whose ringing voice woke the echoes of the quiet old house, as her silvery laugh and low, sweet tone had never done.

It was pleasant to see how the young natures controlled each other in their frank, pleasant intercourse.

It was Harry who conquered Maggie's timidity, and made her a fearless horsewoman, who wakened her from dreamy reveries to realities of life, turned her tender sympathies to practical charities and led her up to higher and nobler aims in life than her shrinking gentleness would have ever sought alone.

It was Maggie who taught Harry to soften his rough, rather uncouth manners, and persuaded him that courtesy was no want of manliness, and gentleness implied no weakness.

But while Harry was allowing his whole heart to become bound up in Maggie giving her the entire devotion of his life, making her returning love for every exertion every act of self-sacrifice, dreaming of this future as only a lifetime of loving care for her, Maggie regarded him as only a brother, and kept her heart untouched till Edward Glover came to claim it.

He was but a visitor at the village where Maggie spent her happy life; but in his brief summer sojourn he won the heart for whose love Harry would have given his life, and in the spring came to carry his fair bride to his city home.

Letters came frequently from the city home where the raven-haired country girl presided, and always gave the loving hearts at home complete assurance of her happiness.

Two years of love and contentment were granted to Maggie, and then sorrow came in the trying fact that her husband was falling into a state of ill health.

A voyage was recommended, and the beautiful little wife left home, friends, and country, to seek new life for her husband in Italy's soft air.

In the library, where Harry Pierce had spoken his love-tale to Maggie, there were seated, eight years later, an old gentleman and a young, fair lady in deep mourning.

"Your mother must have missed your letter, Maggie," Dr. East said. "She would never have left home expecting your return."

"I found my last letter unopened on her table. All was so sudden at the last, uncle. Edward was so well when I wrote before, that I do not think the idea of her return occurred to her.

"It is so lonely at home, I came at once to you, hoping to stay till father and mother return."

"You know, dear child, how glad I am to have you with me. Maggie, there is something to tell you we did not write of, thinking it would only grieve you. Harry has been deeply afflicted."

"Harry? He is here, is he not?"

"Always. I will tell you all. You heard soon after your arrival in Italy, did you not of the dreadful accident at the new building just out in the village? Many were killed and wounded by the premature fall of a large quantity of bricks and mortar. Everyone hastened to the spot to aid the sufferers supposing all danger was over.

"Harry went down to the building, superintended the removal of the unfortunate wounded, and I received them in the long stone-cutter's shed above, and dressed their wounds.

"All was removed but the dead, and Harry was still in the building when a second fall came that horrified us all."

"Oh, uncle! Harry?"

"He was taken up insensible. Apparently his injuries were slight but as he recovered consciousness, we found a blow upon his head which, with the nervous shock, had totally destroyed his eyesight."

"Not incurably?"

"Yes, dear. Every effort skill could suggest or money procure has been made. We have had the advice of the first surgeons in the country, and all remedies have been faithfully tried. All has been in vain. He is hopelessly blind."

Maggie's tears were falling so fast she could not speak; and her uncle continued:

"He bears his trial with fortitude, but it is a grief none can appreciate, except under similar affliction. Hush! he is coming."

"Don't say I am here. I cannot speak to him yet," whispered Maggie, rising softly, and taking a seat in a further corner of the room where she watched Harry's entrance with painful earnestness.

He came in very slowly, his arms outstretched, and his step uncertain.

Maggie longed to offer her support, but could not control her voice to speak.

"Are you here, Dr. East?" Harry asked; and the deep, sweet voice struck upon Maggie's ear."

"I am here, in my old place."

"Let me find my chair. Ah! here it is;" and he sank down wearily in the chair.

"I have glad but still sad news for you," said Dr. East.

"Sad and glad! News from abroad?"

"Yes. The sad news of Edward Glover. He died in Italy last month."

"And Maggie is coming home, that is your glad news?"

"Yes. Poor Maggie!"

There was a deep silence.

Then Harry spoke in a meditating tone, as if following aloud a train of thought:

"Better to be widowed than to have been burdened as she would have been, had my life been blessed as I once hoped. May Heaven bless and comfort her in her sorrow!"

"You loved her very truly, Harry?"

"I love her while life remains. I can never cease to love Maggie. When is she coming home, Doctor?"

"She has come."

"But her parents are away."

"She is here, Harry."

It was pitiful to see how the sad face of the afflicted man lighted up as he bent forward eagerly, his hands outstretched, and his features working with emotion.

"Here, here, Maggie!"

He had forgotten his blindness, her widowhood, everything, but the fact that Maggie was near to him.

"I cannot see you, Maggie, darling," he said, with emotion. "Speak to me."

She came softly to him, her tears falling fast.

"Oh, Maggie!" he remarked, "I have no word to comfort your sorrow."

"And your affliction, Harry," she replied, "is a new sorrow to me."

They talked together for a considerable time.

There was much to tell by both parties, and each sympathized with the other for the sorrows which had fallen upon them during their separation.

It was not long before Maggie had found her old place in the home circle as if she had never left it.

She was altered in many ways. The gentle nature had developed into a dignified self reliance during the period of her married life, when she had been the one to guide, to nurse, and comfort.

The journey home had given her an independence of thought new to her tenderly-nurtured life, and the possession of ample means from her husband's legacy added to the difference of character.

But as time glided away the loving hearts around her found that Maggie May was their own darling still.

More womanly, more dignified, her mind developed by travel, her character ennobled by experience and discipline, but with the loving heart unchanged, the sweet, womanly disposition untouched.

To Harry a new and perhaps happier life had opened.

Maggie again was his sweet, tender, loving-hearted sister.

It was Maggie who drove him out in the carriage.

It was Maggie who read to him, sang for him, made the hours fly with merry description of her travels.

Maggie had opened a drawer in Harry's desk, searching for some paper he wished her to see, when she said, suddenly:

"What are all these loose papers, Harry? There are an immensity of pages."

He replied, very sadly: "That is the wreck of my ambition, Maggie."

"Tell me about it."

"You cannot realize the temptation there is for a student of medicine to devote all his energy to some special branch of the profession, and study all that bears upon it. It was my fancy that I could give my fellow students some valuable information upon diseases of the brain, and I had written what you see when my labors were stopped and I became the useless log I am now."

"Harry, you really must not feel so. Are you not my poor uncle's greatest help and comfort?"

"It is his kindness, not my value, Maggie, dear, that makes him think so."

"But the book, Harry; have you forgotten it?"

"Forgotten? Never! It is clearer and more distinct in my darkened life than ever before.

"My mind, in my solitary hours, has dwelt on each phase of the various treatment of the diseases, till I find my blindness a misfortune for others as great as for myself."

"But, Harry, why should you cease to work? Cannot you dictate to me?"

"Maggie, is it right to tie you down to such drudgery?"

"It will not be drudgery. Let me arrange these papers now, and read them to you, and you can continue the work to-morrow."

"I know it is selfish, but the temptation is too great. Maggie, you are my guardian angel!"

The work progressed rapidly, and Dr. East watched, with loving gladness, the change in Harry.

Maggie wrote for him, and read the extracts he dictated, entering with her whole heart into the work.

A year passed away from the day the work was commenced before it was ready for the press, and they were rewarded at last by a package containing the handsomely bound volume.

Maggie was in the library alone when Dr. East entered with the book.

"Look at it, Maggie darling, while I find Harry."

"I am here, doctor," said Harry, entering. "Let me feel it. Maggie, dear, please read me the title page."

Slowly she read the page, even to the figures that announced the date of publication.

"1866," she said, as if pondering. "It is Leap Year." Harry looked up.

Despite his blindness he had never lost the habit of turning his face towards any object of interest.

Now his face was pale, eager, and yet radiant.

"Leap Year," Maggie continued, "when ladies may offer their hands to gentlemen. Harry, will you take mine?"

"Maggie, do not mock me. You are young, beautiful, and wealthy. What am I?"

"What you are to others," said Maggie, "let the universal love and respect you meet testify. What you are to me I can never tell you. You love me, Harry dear?"

"With my whole heart!"

"Let your love, then, read mine."

"Oh! Maggie—Maggie, can it be true? You love me, blind, helpless, useless —"

"Hush! Harry."

"You are my eyes, my fingers, my inspiration!"

"Then you will have me?" said Maggie, merrily. I have no answer yet."

Dr. East stole softly away, blessing them in his heart as he did audibly when the wedding-day came.

For they were married, and the honeymoon has not yet waned.

AT a recent wedding breakfast in a Buttes Chaumont, Paris, restaurant the groom fell back insensible and the next moment was dead. Investigation showed the cause to be a violent poison, which jealous groomsman had given him just before the ceremony, when he had asked for a glass of claret.

Bric-a-Brac.

ANAGRAMS.—Anagrams are made by taking the letters of one word and making another. Here are a few examples. They are excellent, because the anagrams form an answer, as it were, to the original word: Astronomers, moonstarers: telegraphs, great helps; gallantries, all great sins; encyclopedia, a nice cold pye; lawyers, sly ware; misanthrope, spare him not; old England, golden land; punishment, nine thumps; penitentiary, nay, I repent.

POET AND PLAYER.—In the marble memorial to Shakspeare in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, the bard as is well known, has one arm thrown carelessly over a pile of bound volumes of his works. When David Garrick, the great Shakesperian actor died, he was interred underneath the floor in the Poets' Corner, and a few days afterward it was discovered that the forefinger of Shakspeare's effigy pointed directly to Garrick's grave. It was purely accidental, yet nothing could be more appropriate.

A FAITHFUL SETTER.—A Virginia sportsman set out the other day accompanied by a fine English setter. Coming in sight of a flock of turkeys, and desiring to follow them without the dog, he told the setter to lie down. The dog obeyed and he went after the fowls. The chase took him across a river and several miles up the stream, and after a while he returned to a place on the river, opposite the locality where he left the dog. He called to the animal, but getting no response concluded the dog had gone home and returned himself. The dog was not there, however, and as he did not appear in the morning search was made, and he was found lying down just where he had been told to stop more than twenty-four hours before.

DECKING CHURCHES.—The decking of churches, houses and shops with evergreens springs from a period anterior to the Christian era. During the Saturnalia the Romans used to ornament their temples and dwellings with green boughs. When Christianity became the religion of the empire, in the fourth century, the custom was preserved, and was justified by the priests from the account of the strewing of palm branches in the way during Christ's triumphal journey to Jerusalem, and also from the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. The Druids in England used to trim their houses with mistletoe and other green branches to propitiate the wood spirits. Wherever Christianity went it found some such custom, and hence it was not strange that decorating with evergreens at Christmas is almost universal.

WHENCE THEY GREW.—The custom of Christmas gifts grew out of a very old religious rite. When it was the rule to have shrines in almost every house and at given points along the highways it was customary on Christmas morning to lay upon the shrines sums of money for the poor, bouquets and written benedictions. Travelers prized the latter, and the poor were grateful for the first. The bouquets and trifles were tenderly regarded by those to whom they were given, after having served as votive offerings to some saint. Then there was something so sacred about them that they were not given carelessly and unmeaningly and they were prized accordingly. Intrinsic value was scarcely regarded at all. A faded rose, a leaf or trifling trinket was prized just as highly as a gem. It was not the thing itself, but that which it suggested, was prized.

A CHRISTENING CAKE.—Here is a description of the Prince of Wales' Christening Cake: Its case or outside, and all the ornaments, are made entirely of sugar; several of the latter are silvered over. It is ornamented round the bottom with a neatly executed border of the rose, thistle, and shamrock. On the sides of the cake are placed alternately medallion portraits in silver of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the arms of England over them, and the Price of Wales' feathers, with the arms of Wales over them; the whole surmounted by a neat scroll in dead sugar work. Above are three tiers, each environed by smaller scroll work, surmounted by silvered Prince's feathers; and on the summit are pedestals supporting sugar figures of Ceres, Fortune, Plenty, Britannia holding the infant Prince, Clio, the goddess of history, and St. David, the tutelar saint of Wales. In the centre of the group is a representation of the Royal font; and several small vases, with flowers, surround the figures.

EARS.—Large, fleecy ears (especially those which have the lobes of the ears red) show coarseness of nature and sensuality. If the ears stand forward so as to show their entire form when the face is seen from the front, it denotes rapacity and cruelty. Ears close to the head show refinement and susceptibility. Long-shaped but small ears indicate refinement; a very small ear, close to the head, shows delicacy of perception, refinement, but also timidity. The ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eyebrow or lower than the tip of the nose; if set in too sloping a direction they show timidity; if too upright, animal instincts, courage amounting to cruelty, especially if they obtrude out from the head. A thin ear shows delicacy and poetry of feeling, a thick ear the reverse. A wide space between the wing of the nose and the ear-hole shows coarseness of nature; too little space, meanness and coldness of temperament. Ears of deep red color show animal instinct; perfectly colorless ears show timidity and want of warmth and temperament. An ear to be perfect should be rather small than not; in height it should not be higher than the eyebrow and not lower than the nose; in color it should be a very delicate pink, and a little, but very little, deeper in shade at the lobes.

LOVE'S OFFERING.

BY BENTON BEALE.

A wreath for thee, my maiden fair,
A coronal gay for your shining hair,
I crown thee queen of my home and heart,
And challenge the fate that commands us to part.

A hand for thee, my mate, my dove,
An arm to guard the girl that I love—
A hand to toil, an arm to defend—
And these are thine till life shall end.

A heart for thee, my bride, my pearl,
A heart all thine, my love, sweet girl;
Accept and keep it as precious thing,
And close to the gift let your own heart cling.

Here are lips for thee, my coyish maiden,
True lips, my girl, with warm love laden;
O, maiden, confess, while thine they press,
You love me as mate to your coyishness.

A home for thee, my bonny bright bride,
Built only for you, both cozy and wide;
Come stay adorn it, a flowerless vase
Is robbed of its life and it's courtliest grace.

NAMELESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "FENKIVEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

GUY rode off relieved.

Vivian, shut up with a headache, was not very likely to send for the governess.

He had at least gained a few hours for thought.

If worst came to worst he would telegraph to his sister.

"She and I must never meet after she leaves here," he muttered, thinking of Lilian. "She is so fair and sweet I might forget all she has told me, and yet ask her to be my wife: but Kate has a large heart, and she does not know my secret, and she will judge my dear child mercifully."

It seemed to Guy Ainslie that each minute of that autumn morning was of more than usual length.

He talked and laughed with his companion: he answered when spoken to, but he did everything like a man in a dream.

He was only conscious of two things—that he loved Lilian as his own life and she with her own lips had confessed her unworthiness.

The day was well advanced when the party returned to the Castle.

Five o'clock tea was ready in the drawing-room, Lady Dacres dispensing it with her own fair hands.

Guy, whose eyes were sharpened by anxiety, noticed that she was unusually excited—her face flushed, and a cruel smile played about her lips.

The two children in their innocence put the question Mr. Ainslie was longing to ask.

"Where is Miss Green, mamma?"

My Lady did not condescend to answer, and her husband took up the subject.

"Ah, where is the young lady, Vivian? the little ones said she had a headache."

"I am quite ignorant of her ailments," said Vivian, coldly, and speaking in a very low voice so as only to be heard by Sir John and her cousin. "Miss Green has left the Castle, and had I only known her antecedents she should never have entered it."

A painful pause followed.

The guests scattered round the room were dimly conscious something was wrong.

Guy's face was very stern and impenetrable.

Sir John looked amazed.

No one had broken the silence when the butler entered, bearing on a silver salver one of those orange-colored envelopes which have brought pain to so many households.

He stopped before Guy's chair.

"A telegram for you, sir."

CHAPTER XII.

IT seemed to Lilian, when Guy Ainslie had left her, that the bitterness of death was at her heart.

He had been so nobly generous to her. She honored him as the ideal of all that was good and true, and he had turned against her.

Through all her fears of Sir Ronald she had clung to the hope that Mr. Ainslie would defend her, that he would not utterly desert her however he must condemn her.

An hour passed.

Lilian went upstairs and bathed her throbbing brow with fresh cold water.

She felt refreshed, and went back to the school-room with a pretty trifle of fancy-work in her hand.

A servant met her on the threshold. My lady was asking for her; would she go at once to the drawing-room?

A little surprised, since Lady Dacres rarely evinced any desire for her society, Lilian obeyed.

She found her employer seated in her own peculiar easy-chair. Her mouth was hard and set; there was a cold, cruel sparkle in her eyes.

Lilian's heart failed as she noticed it. Full well she knew that Vivian had never liked her—that her mercy could be very cruel.

"I have sent for you, Miss——Green," with a very perceptible pause before the latter word—began my lady, in her clear, ringing voice, "to tell you that a train leaves Chepstow at two o'clock. I have ordered the dogcart in an hour's time, when I hope you will be ready to leave the Castle."

Lilian's blue eyes fixed themselves on Vivian's with a piteous entreaty.

Oh, what a difference in the fate of these two women.

Both were young, neither had reached the age of twenty—and both had more than a common share of beauty; but here all resemblance ceased.

Lilian was alone and desolate—poor and friendless.

Vivian was a good man's honored wife; wealthy and respected—courted and admired.

"I do not understand!" said Lilian, faintly. "How have I been so unfortunate as to displease you?"

"You have deceived me from the first minute of entering my house!"

No answer.

"Can you deny it? You were the affianced wife of a gentleman of high family."

"You mean Sir Ronald Treylyn?"

"I do. When he discovered the shameful fraud practiced on him—when he learned a nameless outcast had been represented to him as Miss Earl—though the blow was a cruel one, he resolved to do his duty. He judged you were to be pitied; he offered to marry you."

Lilian's hands were clasped; never before had she quite realized how black a list of crimes could be laid to her charge.

"You agreed—you sent him away accepting his sacrifice! But you had heard a rumor of his entanglements; you were playing for a high stake.

"You allowed everybody to believe you dead! Under a false name you obtained the sympathy of my cousin—Miss Ainslie—and entered my house!"

"Lady Dacres," said the governess, with a strange, sad dignity, "I own that I came here under an assumed name, but I have no other sin against you to reproach myself with, I have faithfully done my duty."

"Your duty!" scornfully. "Was it your duty to flirt with every guest who came here—to play with the heart of a generous gentleman like Mr. Darby?

"To strive to seduce Sir Ronald from his allegiance to Miss Cash?—to even attempt to poison the minds of Sir John and his children against myself? If all this was your duty, you have done it faithfully!"

"Indeed—indeed, I am innocent!" cried the poor girl. "Lady Dacres, have pity on me! I have no home—no friends! Let me stay with your step-children. I will promise you never to leave the schoolroom—never to converse with any of your guests, if only you will let me stay!"

In her agitation she had grasped Lady Dacres' dress with her thin white hand. My lady drew it indignantly away.

"I am quite resolved."

"Have pity!" pleaded Lilian. "I am so young—so friendless! Lady Dacres, you are motherless like me! For your dead mother's sake, have mercy!"

"No!"

Once more Lilian tried to move her.

"Think of the disgrace that must fall upon me if you dismiss me thus!"

"You should have thought of all that before," returned my lady.

"Who will take me into their family when they hear of how you sent me away?"

"No one of common sense. But you need not despair; you are quite sufficiently conscious of your own attractions to turn them to good account.

"There are plenty of men in the world crazy enough to forgive anything for the sake of a pretty baby-face."

She put a little heap of sovereigns on the table—the quarter's salary not yet due. Lilian took it sadly; then, without a word, she went out from the presence of my Lady Dacres.

Two girls: one had broken her plighted troth, and well-nigh blighted her lover's life.

She had cast home, faith, and duty to the winds, and she was the darling of Belgravia the favorite of the county.

The other had done nothing save conceal a painful episode of her own life—nothing in the world, and her reward was to be expelled like a thief and a felon!

Lilian went upstairs and began her simple preparations, the maid who usually waited on her assisting; the girl's eyes were red, for she loved the young governess dearly.

"You will give my love to the children," said Lilian, with a choked sob. "Oh, how I should have liked to say good-bye to them!"

"I'll remember, miss," said the maid, warmly. "I only wish Sir John and my lady had stayed up in London. We were very happy without them."

The two o'clock train came rattling into Chepstow station, and Lilian took her place in a second-class car.

She would gladly have traveled third only that the train was not intended for economical passengers, and so the cheapest class of car was not there.

She felt as the engine tore them rapidly onward that another page in her chequered life was over.

There was only one other occupant of the car, a girl who might have been five or six years Lilian's senior.

She was not beautiful, or even pretty, but there was a strange, unmeaning charm about her face.

Poor sorrowful Lilian thought she would have given anything to have had her for a friend.

"I am quite sure you are in trouble," said Mary Grant at last, bending forward on a sudden impulse, and taking Lilian's white hand, "will you tell me if I can help you?"

The first words unlocked the flood-gates of Lilian's tears; they streamed down her face as she answered no one could help her.

"You are going to London?"

"Yes."

"To friends?"

"I have no friends; I am alone in the world. I was a governess at Lady Dacres, and she has sent me away!"

A light broke upon the other's face.

"I used to know Lady Dacres very well before her marriage. I don't think your failing to please her means quite that you will never please anyone. She is very beautiful, but she is capricious."

Lilian's eyes endorsed this.

"I never meant to vex her," she said quite eagerly. "I did my best, indeed I did!"

"And are you Lilian Green. I have often heard of you."

"Have you really?"

"Yes. Can't you guess from whom?"

"I have no idea."

"From my brother. Archie is very dear to me; and I know he would like us two to be friends."

"Yes," as the blushes deepened on Lilian's face, "I know that you have refused him, that you have said you can never be his wife; but, for all that, I should like to help you for his sake."

"He was so kind to me!" sobbed Lilian. "Oh, Miss Darby, I wish I had never been born; I bring nothing but trouble to everyone!"

"Hush! you must not say that; and I am not Miss Darby. My name is Grant, and I have been married several years. I am going home now to my little children, and I think you had better come along with me."

"Yes," as Lilian's lips moved, "I do, indeed; you are too young and pretty to be alone in London.

"Never mind telling me why Lady Dacres sent you away. I know a little of her; and I think it would take a great deal to make me believe evil of the girl my brother loves."

Lilian clung to her in grateful gladness; at the time when she had felt most desolate help had come.

Mrs. Grant chartered a cab at Paddington-station, and they drove quickly to a small, cheerful house in Kensington.

Little children stood watching at the windows, and before the travellers could alight little feet were clattering in the hall, and eager voices called "Mamma."

Mrs. Grant kissed them fondly; but with a half sigh, as though some other welcome than this was needed to complete her joy, and she asked the servant, hurriedly—

"Is the Indian mail in?"

"No, ma'am."

The sweet face looked disappointed; but she showed Lilian to the pretty spare room without a word of grief.

It was only from the little girl who elected to stay with Miss Green that the news came.

"Papa was out in India; he had been gone a long time; but oh, he was coming back soon!"

"And what are you going to do?"

This question came when Lilian had been at Kensington more than a week: when gentle Mrs. Grant knew the whole history of the girl's life.

"I do not know."

"I think I can tell you. I have an old friend, whom I have known all my life, she is very much alone, and she needs a companion.

"Lady Leigh is so rich that the question of salary need not trouble you. She lives so quietly that you need never fear meeting anyone who knew the Dacres.

"If all you need is a quiet place, where you can rest from the worries and troubles of your life, I am quite sure you will be happy with the Countess."

"I am sure I shall. Oh, Mrs. Grant, how kind you are to me!"

"Am I? It is not the future I would rather arrange for you. Lilian, ever since I saw you I have quite understood my brother's infatuation. Dearest, are you quite sure you cannot be my sister?"

"I am quite sure."

"And yet I should have thought Archie a man to win any girl's heart."

"Ay, if it were to be won!"

"You mean that yours is not? Oh! Lilian you cannot be grieving for Sir Ronald?"

"Oh, no!"

"For whom then, child? If you have a lover and quarreled with him, don't you think you are spoiling both your lives? Lilian, I am sure you were never meant to lead a lonely life."

"You don't understand."

"Make me understand, dear."

"You will think so badly of me."

"Never."

"I love him so," said the girl, with a sort of sob. "You see he came to me when things were at their darkest, he trusted me: he was so noble, so generous, I learned to love him almost without knowing it."

"And he?"

"He never loved me—never; but I think he liked me until I told him how I had deceived his cousin. He said, then, my life had been a living lie.

"Oh, Mrs. Grant, when I touched his arm and prayed of him to forgive me, he shook my hand off as though it had been a serpent's."

"That is not like Guy Ainslie!"

"Guy Ainslie?"

"My dear, you say he was Lady Dacres cousin, of course you mean Mr. Ainslie. He is quite fit to be a young girl's hero. I understand the whole story, except his being stern with you. I should have thought him full of pity for a lonely sweet girl like you!"

Lilian shook her head.

"He is so nice himself he could not bear with my folly."

"Well, the next time I see him I shall give him a piece of my mind. Now, my dear will you come with me to call on Lady Leigh?"

They found the Countess alone looking very sad and troubled.

Mrs. Grant at once introduced the subject of her errand.

To her surprise the Countess asked, abruptly—

"Is Miss Green related to the Costillons?"

"No, she is an orphan with no family ties."

"She reminds me of the family very much. Ah, you are too young to remember them, Mary, but they all had those dark blue eyes.

"I should not like to receive any one into my house who claimed kindred with the Costillons. They have been the cause of much sorrow to me and mine."

"There is no one in all the world with whom I can claim kindred, Lady Leigh," said Lilian, earnestly.

"And your age?"

She heard it, still with that puzzled look upon her face.

"It is strange how strongly you resemble the Costillons!"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes!"

Lilian began to fear her blue eyes would lose her the post of Lady Leigh's companion.

Mrs. Grant, with admirable tact, led the conversation to another subject, and before they left it was quite settled that her protegee should take up her abode at Eaton Square the following week.

"I am very glad you will be there, dear," said she, stroking the girl's bright hair. "That is such a desolate home in spite of all its grandeur, and I think you will bring a little sunshine into it."

"I will try. Is Lady Leigh a widow?"

"Ay, and well-nigh childless. She has one son—the present Earl; but though they live together there is a great gulf between them.

"No one knows exactly how it arose, but Lord Leigh was always one apart from his family.

"He served in India for years in the same regiment as my father. No one expected he would come into the title.

"I remember well the first time we met him afterwards, and my husband congratulated him

"He smiled the saddest smile I ever saw, and said his honors had come too late."

"Is he so old?"

"He is in the prime of life, but he has had some hidden care."

"Poor man!"

"Aye, brighten his path if you can, Lilian. I fear his home is very dreary; and though he is reported to be the most fascinating man in London your heart will be in no danger."

"Oh, no," half sadly; "but Lady Leigh may not like me to entertain her son."

"Lady Leigh would like anything that brought a smile to Gerald's face. I will leave you at home now, Lilian, for I have some other places to go to."

The day came for Lilian to leave the cheerful home at Kensington, but she had none of the fears which had assailed her on going to Chepstow.

Eaton Square was not far from Kensington.

Mrs. Grant was a favorite friend of the Countess.

Surely she and Lilian would meet sometimes.

One trouble she had, indeed, which she could never quite forget.

Guy Ainslie had lost his faith in her, the man to whom she had given her whole heart, despised her, and thought her a "living lie."

There were times when Lilian would have given years from her life for one sight of Guy Ainslie's face, for one kind word from his lips.

The Countess received her very kindly indeed.

It seemed that her duties would be very easy ones—to read to Lady Leigh, to dine with her, and sing to her in the twilight seemed the chief of them.

Before a week had passed the Countess had grown to love the fair sweet face, and to welcome it with delight.

"It is just as though you were my grandchild," she said one day, fondly. "Do you know, dear, except my son I have not a relation in the world!"

"Is Lord Leigh abroad?"

"He is in Scotland. Gerald is always traveling about somewhere. He cannot rest."

"Not even in this beautiful home?"

"Here least of all. He is all I have left in the world, and yet he hates me."

"Oh, surely not!"

"Well, he can never forgive me,"—the old lady's voice sank to a whisper. "I wronged him cruelly, Lilian, but it was nearly twenty years ago.

"He might forgive me now when I am old and feeble, when he knows I have not long to live."

And still the days passed and the Earl did not come.

His mother longed and waited for his presence.

"It is no use," she said one day, turning away from the window with a sigh; "he keeps away from his home just because I am here. He will not forgive me even when I am dying!"

She had been very ailing the last few days.

The doctors had frankly told Lilian she wanted rousing and cheering; and so at last, touched by that yearning lament, Lilian forgot all ceremony, all shyness.

She sat down one evening and wrote to the Earl.

It was a very simple note, and she did not even sign it.

She forgot that it was going to a powerful nobleman.

She wrote as plainly as though he had been a working man.

She told him his mother's illness increased from day to day, that she fretted continually over his absence, and she begged him to come home while the Countess was yet strong enough to rejoice over his presence.

"Hem! the new companion, I suppose," was the Earl's comment. "A pretty hand enough," slipping the neat note into his pocket.

"Well, it is a lady's letter and well expressed, but it's a great liberty to write to a man of my age and tell him he's neglecting his duty. I suppose Miss Green, as the Countess calls her; is strong-minded, and thinks it her province to go about informing the world."

So he put the note aside, and tried to cast it from his thoughts, but he could not quite forget the simple words of entreaty; and so the third week in December when the nights were cold and frosty, he drew up in a cab before the familiar house in Eaton Square as naturally as though he had left it only the day before.

"How is my mother, Popham?" he asked the butler.

"My lady is better, my lord; she is in the boudoir with Miss Green."

"Miss Green!"

"My lady's companion," explained Popham; "she has been here ever since the autumn, my lord!"

"Ah, and mother likes her!"

The butler was an old servant, and a privileged person.

He rubbed his hands as though to give more emphasis to his speech.

"It is my belief, my lord, the Countess could not think more of Miss Green if she were her own daughter!"

The Earl went to his own room; he changed his traveling clothes for an evening suit, and then presented himself at the boudoir-door quite ready to behold a tall angular female with a depressing face and great powers of governing.

He was mistaken—his mother was alone; and very—very warm was the welcome he received.

"I have wanted you so, Gerald!"

"You know, mother, I am of a restless nature, and——"

"You might come home at least, sometimes!"

"What is there to make home attractive to me?"

"Oh, Gerald, if only you could forget. If only you would let time heal your sorrow. You are young yet! The loveliest girls in London would not refuse you. You might have a happy home—a loving wife to-morrow if you pleased!"

"And I do not please! I prefer to be faithful to a memory!"

"It is not natural?"

"Perhaps not!"

"The best loved wives are forgotten in twenty years!"

"You don't understand!" he cried, impatiently. "If my darling had died in my arms—if I had received her parting words, and kissed her cold dead lips, I should have felt differently.

"I should have known then all that was possible had been done. I should have known she had felt no pang. I could have spared her.

"As it is her face is ever before me! I have traveled far and wide since I became Lord Leigh. I have mixed in the gayest society of London and foreign cities. I have seen everything most beautiful in art and nature, and do you think I have forgotten my wife?

"I can see her sweet face before me now, as clearly as though we had parted but yesterday!"

The Countess felt a new perplexity. If this was so—if his heart had never swerved from its fidelity—how would he bear to see day by day a face which was his dead wife's image?

If she who had known but little of Miss Costillon had been struck by Lilian's speaking likeness, how would it be with the husband whose heart still ached for his loss?

"And so you have set up a companion, mother?"

"Yes," timidly. "Mary Grant recommended her to me. I have been thinking Gerald, I might give her a holiday now you are come. I must have kept her had I been alone."

The Earl felt a kind of relief at the prospect of not meeting his monitress, and he readily agreed.

The Countess, who feared the very sight of Lilian would drive him from his home, proposed to her favorite that very evening that she should go to spend her Christmas with the Grants.

"Mary wrote to invite you only yesterday," she said, pleasantly. "Send her a line to say you will try to be there to-morrow."

"But you will be so lonely!"

"I have Gerald, dear. With my boy at home I can spare even you."

And so Lilian found it of no avail to protest any longer.

The next day without even a sight of the Earl, of whom she had heard so much, the golden-haired companion was driven in my lady's own carriage to the house of her friend.

She reached there just at dusk.

"Mother," was out, the children told her, but they asked her very kindly to take off her things.

Then, drawing a chair to the bright fire, the little ones clustered closely round her.

They had loved her very dearly when she was staying with them; and partly because their mother did not like to hear her called "Miss Green"—partly from the desire of their little affectionate hearts—they called her by the name which would have been hers had she married Archibald Darby—aunty.

A very picture they made sitting in the firelight; the flames falling full on Lilian's golden hair and the innocent, childish faces. They were in the drawing-room, which was not a stiff, formal apartment, but the evening resort of the family.

Visitors were always shown in there; so when an old family friend, whom the page knew quite well his mistress would be sorry to miss, presented himself, he was asked to wait.

"Mrs. Grant can't be long, sir. The children are in the drawing-room."

Guy Ainslie knew the little Grants well. True, he had not seen them since his summer visit to Castle Dacres, but their memories would be long enough not to have forgotten him.

"I'll go and wait in the drawing-room."

The page held the door open. Guy advanced.

He saw a group gathered in the firelight. Then he almost reeled.

In centre was the girl who had told him with her own lips she had deceived him—who had admitted she was a sinner.

Well, she did not look a sinner now. Not one of the little children who clung to her so affectionately had a face more full of innocence.

As beautiful as when he saw her at Castle Dacres, and yet with that strange shadow of pain upon her brow, was the girl whose fate had haunted him these last autumn weeks.

She saw him, and she grew white as death.

Then the children recognized their friend and clambered round him.

"Mother's out! This is aunty—she's come for Christmas. She tells such splendid stories!"

"Aunty!" It went to Guy's heart.

Of course all these months he had known quite well that she was lost to him that she could never be anything in his life, and yet it made her seem ten times farther off to learn she belonged to another.

"You took my advice then," he said, coldly.

"I do not understand you!"

The children were there, and busy making a dozen remarks on their own account. They never heard these brief sentences.

"You know what that child called you just now?"

"Yes."

"And my advice to you was to bear that title—to let their uncle marry you."

"Was it?"

He little knew the effort it was to her to keep so calm.

"Of course it was. Archibald seems to have deserted me; he never sent me wedding cards."

This was intelligible to the children.

"Uncle Archie isn't married!" they cried with one voice; and then, hearing their mother's knock, they scuttled down stairs to tell her of the two arrivals.

"What does it mean?" Guy asked, in a strange, hard voice.

"It means," answered Lilian, trying to speak firmly, "that Mrs. Grant is my dear friend, and her children have chosen me as an adopted relation."

"Oh!"

"Their mother knows all," said Lilian, simply. "I have not deceived her."

"And she says?"

"She thinks I was more sinned against than sinning. She thinks that, having no true name of my own, that being friendless and alone, I was not to blame for keeping my sad history a secret. She says I was not bound to tell Lady Dacres that from being a rich man's adopted child I became, through his sudden death, lonely and nameless."

"Was that your secret?" cried Guy, in a dazed voice. "Was that what you meant when you said you had deceived me?"

"That, and that only! I knew it was very wicked; but, oh, the temptation was cruel, I never realized how much I had sinned till our last conversation at the Castle, when you judged me so harshly."

"I was a fool," he cried, bitterly.

"Nay, all you said was true, only it hurt me so."

"You cared a little then for my opinion!"

"I cared too much, I am afraid," she said, gravely; "you had been very, very kind to me."

"I was under a great mistake," he replied, gravely. "I have wronged you cruelly in my thoughts. Do you think you can ever forgive me? I am sure you would if you knew how your fate has haunted me all these weeks."

"I have been well and happy."

"And you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive. I know, to anyone just and upright as you are, I must have seemed very wicked."

"Wicked!" said Guy, musingly—"wicked with those eyes. How could I ever have thought it?"

"You won't think so any more," pleaded the girl gently. "For the sake of all the kindness you have shown me long ago you will let us be friends?"

"Never while I live," cried Guy Ainslie, passionately; and then, before poor Lilian had time to recover from the shock of this cruel speech, Mrs. Grant entered, full of kindly welcome to her visitors and apologies for her absence.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was no further opportunity for Guy Ainslie and Lilian to exchange confidences and the girl herself desired none. They knew now that her sin had not been what he thought it, and yet he refused her friendship.

Surely if he were so hard and stern it was happier for her to see little of him!

But she loved him still. There are some hearts so true and loyal that with them to love once is to love for ever.

The intense gratitude born of his kindness that cold, dismal, autumn day when they first met, strengthened by his protecting care at Paddington railway station, had ripened into an affection which not even his cruel reproaches in the schoolroom at Castle Dacres, his cold refusal in Mrs. Grant's drawing-room ever to be her friend, could destroy.

Guy Ainslie went home from that interview at Mrs. Grant's as one that walked on air; the cruel anxiety which had haunted him all these months was at an end.

Lilian was found, and his darling was worthy of his love, her only sin was that from being a rich man's idolized child she had become at his death a nameless wanderer.

A great joy filled his heart as he thought of the happiness he could bring to her.

Guy was not conceited, but he had read the language of Lilian's shy, violet eyes, and he believed that his greatest wish would be granted, and Lilian would be his wife.

His wife! The strong man almost trembled at the thought of what his home might be with that fair face to shine upon him always, with Lilian at his side for weal or woe until death parted them.

"Kate always liked her," he murmured to himself, thinking of his sister. "I am glad to think she will welcome my darling gladly."

He reached Leckenham soon after eight, and the little maid received him with the message, "Some gentlemen were waiting to see him on business. She had shown them into the dining-room."

"On business?" her master repeated slowly.

"There must be some mistake; no one comes to see me here on business."

"They said it was very important, sir. They had been in the office, and found you had left. They had been waiting here two hours. Mistress sent them in some tea."

Surprised, half-annoyed, Guy Ainslie laid aside his hat and greatcoat, and turned towards the dining-room.

Not a suspicion had he as to the errand of his visitors; his acquaintances in Leckenham were very few—the home was more his sister's than his.

Business of all kinds was reserved for the office.

That two gentlemen should waste two hours of their time in waiting for him was passing strange!

A strikingly handsome man he looked as he went in to greet his unexpected guests, one who had the imprint of nobility stamped on every feature.

Two gentlemen arose at his approach; one was an elderly man; the other a few years his junior, had a tall, erect bearing, and soldierly air. He offered his hand in cordial fashion.

"Guy Ainslie, I believe?"

"Yes," returned the person thus addressed, "that is my name; but you have the advantage of me, sir. I do not think I have ever seen you."

"No. I am Captain Cecil Beaumont, and this my friend Mr. Martin, solicitor, of the Inner Temple, and legal advisor to the late Lord Earl."

Guy Ainslie bowed. He really did not see how these facts concerned him.

"You are probably aware that Lord Earl has been dead more than a year, and that the utmost efforts have been to find his heir."

Guy shook his head.

"I am afraid you have come to the wrong person, gentleman, if you expect me to give you any information. I never saw Lord Earl in my life, and I know nothing whatever of his family ties."

Mr. Martin and Captain Beaumont exchanged glances; such utter disregard of what fortune might have in store struck them as marvellous.

"I do not think we are mistaken," said the lawyer, politely.

"A short time ago we observed in a jeweller's window a signet ring, engraved with the motto of the Earls. It struck my attention at once, and I went into the shop to try and purchase the ring, but I found it was not for sale; it had merely been left there for repairs and alteration. I cross-questioned the jeweller pretty closely, and he told me the ring belonged to you; and from the store you set by it, it was evidently an heirloom."

Guy Ainslie smiled. He held up his left hand, upon whose little finger the ring in question, a magnificent bloodstone, flashed.

"Is this the object of your inquiries, Mr. Martin?"

"Yes."

"Then I fear what I have to tell you respecting it will disappoint you. It is an heirloom in our family. My father wore it to his dying day; he inherited it from his mother, whose maiden name was Campbell."

"Aye! and who was the only child of the Hon. Marguerite Earl and her husband, Laurence Campbell. Your great grandmother, Mr. Ainslie, was the daughter of one Lord Earl, and the sister of another. It was his grandson who died last year, childless and without a will, consequently you are his heir-in-law."

Guy Ainslie stared at his companions.

"It is impossible!" he returned, firmly. "Why, I did not even know we were connected!"

"It has been our care to prove the connection. We have searched for the certificate of Marguerite Earl's marriage, and of her daughter's union with your grandfather. There is not the slightest flaw in the evidence; no single link is missing!"

"But," persisted Guy, "there was the brother of my ancestress, Marguerite Earl; surely he left descendants?"

"He left only one son, the father of the late Lord Earl. Really, Mr. Ainslie, it is very difficult to convince you of your own good fortune!"

"I confess I do not understand it."

"Well, you must have to do so soon. I can assure you. Your position will be a splendid one. The late Lord Earl never lived up to his income; there must be about sixty thousand pounds in funded property. Earlsmere itself, one of the loveliest estates in Blankshire, and a revenue of many thousands a year, and it is all yours. There's not a creature on earth to dispute your right to it. There will be some legal rights to go through, of course, and a pretty considerable sum to pay away in legacy duty; but before the new year is many days old you will be established in your rights as Lord Earl of Earlsmere; and I hope ere long we may congratulate you upon your finding a charming countess to share your title and honors."

Captain Beaumont held out his hand.

"You will let me congratulate you now," he said, pleasantly. "I am the cousin of the late Lady Earl, and I have taken a great interest in tracing the heir to her husband's property. I am a lonely man, without many family ties, but such as it is, Lord Earl, I am proud to offer you my friendship."

Guy sat as one lost in a dream; the news was so strange, so wonderful and unexpected.

Could it really be that he was an English peer of vast wealth?—that he would be able to place a coronet on Lilian's fair, white brow?

The two men who watched him thought they had never seen anyone bear the news of sudden prosperity with such calmness.

"But surely," Guy began, at last, "my late kinsman had some design for his money? He never could have meant it to leave it to a stranger. It may be mine, by the strict letter of the law, but there must have been someone near and dear to him for whom he intended a portion, at least, of his great wealth?"

"Your suggestion does you honor!" said the solicitor, warmly.

"I have no hesitation in telling you that there was such a one; that the late Lord Earl had intended Earlsmere itself, and all his fortune, to pass to an adopted daughter.""

A strange thought came to the new peer's mind.

Could it possibly be that Lilian—his Lilian, so he already called her in his heart—should be his kinsman's heiress?

"I know what you are thinking," said the lawyer, warmly.

"You are saying you can never take advantage of such an accident; that you will at once restore everything to the young lady!"

"You have guessed rightly, sir!"

"It is a generous thought, but it is impossible! Rest easy, Lord Earl, in your honors. She for whom your beautiful home, your vast wealth, was intended, can never need either!"

"You mean she has married, and her husband's riches surpass even mine!"

"I mean that she is dead!"

"Dead!"

"Even so," said Captain Beaumont, with a strange sadness in his voice.

"She lost her father—as she believed him—without a moment's preparation. She learned within three days that she was a nameless orphan, penniless and homeless. The man who had professed to love her deserted her; and driven almost frantic by such a sea of trouble, the poor girl yielded to temptation, and took the life she had ceased to value."

Deep indignation sounded in his voice. The new Lord Earl replied with a grave sadness, for he was thinking of his own love, and how much her fate resembled that of his kinsman's darling,—

"Poor child!"

"No one could blame her. It was his fault from first to last, cold-blooded, heartless villian; Lord Earl, when I saw to what his cruelty had driven her, I regretted the days of duelling were over."

"And he got off scot free?"

"Of course, no one could touch him; but there is an unspoken law of public feeling, and that condemned him pretty strongly. You need not fear his society being forced upon you, my lord; he was obliged to leave the neighborhood within a very short time of his victim's death!"

"And now," proposed the Captain, "we will say good-night: We have intruded on you an unconscionable time, and I am quite sure your good sister is impatient for us to be gone that she may learn what we have detained you so long discussing."

"Will you not tell her yourselves?" said Guy, warmly.

"Kate and I have been so much to each other that I think she will thank you better for your tidings than I have been able to do. My father died when I was a child, and left nothing but debts behind

him. Whatever I am, whatever I may be, I owe it all under Heaven to my sister, and I should like her to hear of my prosperity first from you."

He threw the door open and led the way to the drawing-room.

Miss Ainslie was there alone, a strange anxiety written on her face.

She started up with an eager question as her brother entered.

"Oh, Guy! is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing in the world, my dear Miss Ainslie," said Mr. Martin, kindly.

"We have brought your brother a piece of news which I suspect will please you even more than it did him."

Kate's ideas took a brilliant plunge.

"Oh, Guy! have they made you a partner?"

"No, Miss Ainslie, you are quite mistaken," said Captain Beaumont, smiling. In fact, we have persuaded your brother that he will have to leave the firm at once!"

"Leave the firm!"

"Yes, because he will never need any wealth or honor that can come to him from it. Mr. Ainslie exists no longer! You must learn to know your brother afresh as Lord Earl of Earlsmere!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV—(CONTINUED.)

AND Rosamond is Lady Kingsford!" she ejaculated. "Lady Kingsford—I can't believe it."

"She will carry her honors well," said Colonel Brand, now prepared at once to worship the rising sun. "She will grace a coronet!"

"But how is she to be told?" put in Mrs. Brand, querulously.

"Oh, he will have no difficulty in managing that part of the business!" returned her husband, with a chuckle.

"But she won't speak to him! She won't let him go within fifty yards of her. She has taken a most extraordinary aversion to him."

"She would not even come down to-night as you know!" returned Amy, rather triumphantly. "It won't be as easy to speak to her as he thinks."

"And it's enough to turn her head!" put in her mother. "Fancy a girl hearing in one breath that she has a husband and child and a coronet awaiting her."

"It's curious how she always took to Tommy," continued Mrs. Brand, reflectively. "It looked like human nature, seeing further than we see."

"We have been as blind as moles, Mrs. Brand," said her husband; "and I don't know how we are to get out of it, that's a fact. You were always so positive, and so sure and certain that she was not married."

"I!" in a high key of expostulation. "Pardon me, Colonel Brand, you have made a great mistake. It was you who declared she had been deceived by some young scamp. I quote your own words from first to last.

"I! that's a good joke. It's all very well to come and lay the blame on me now—it's so like a man. I had nothing to do with that part of the business; it was all you and Fred. Fred said he really knew the man."

Leaving the worthy couple to a violent scene of strong mutual recrimination, which waxed louder and fiercer every moment, Amy left the room, and walked upstairs in a kind of half-dreamy state.

"Rosamond, Lady Kingsford — Lady Kingsford!" she kept repeating to herself, till she almost mechanically arrived at Lady Kingsford's door; opened it and went in.

She found her friend sitting in a cozy chair by the fire, her hair streaming down over her shoulders, a book in her hand, whose back was not the better of the roaring logs to which it was held in such close vicinity.

"Well, my dear!" cried Rosamond, laying it face downwards, and accosting her visitor with raised brows and a smile; "what ages you've been downstairs! I hope you've had a pleasant evening—I have. I am going through this actually now straight off for the second time, it's so deeply interesting.

"By-the-by, what's the matter with you? You look as if you had had a mental knock on the head. Or is it only sleep—gentle sleep?"

"It is," returned the other, sitting down, heavily for her, and staring very hard at her friend, and trying in her own mind to fit her into her new character, but in vain. She was just Rosamond Dane!

"What on earth are you staring at. I'm not on fire, Amy!" laughing. "You look as if you saw something on the top of my head," putting up her hand. "What is the matter with you, Amy, this evening? Has anything happened downstairs?"

"Happened! How do you mean?"

"You had the full benefit of a tete-a-tete with Lord Kingsford—he has not been saying anything to you—he has not proposed, has he?" apprehensively.

"No."

"Because you know, my dear, he has a wife. She is not dead, as we have all imagined, she is in the land of the living."

"Yes, I know that too," staring very hard at Rosamond, and feeling an hysterical desire to laugh in her face.

"You don't say so! When—how did he tell you?"

"Oh! I'm not going to tell you everything Rosamond. You want to know too much," smiling.

"This is something quite novel, is it not, his speaking of her? She used to be a dead letter. I had a kind of idea that she was mad, or had disgraced herself, perhaps run away with some one, perhaps had been divorced. What was your idea?"

"Oh, I never imagined until lately that she was alive at all," looking at the carpet as she spoke.

"I wonder why she and he live apart? though it is no business of mine;" returned Rosamond, leaning back in her chair and clasping her fair, bare arms above her head and surveying her friend lazily. "I wonder what she is like?"

"I can tell you!" replied Amy, prompted by some sudden foolish impulse she could not restrain.

"You! Do you mean—speaking as it were in capital letters—to tell me you have seen her?"

"Yes," rather frightened now at her own admission, and cudgelling her brains for some loophole of escape.

"How?—when?—and where? This is getting interesting!"

Could Amy say—now—here—always? No not quite.

She hesitated and said, "Oh, I've—I've seen her, and that will have to satisfy you.

"You are not usually so inquisitive," evasively.

"Is she pretty?"

"Very pretty."

"As—as—pretty as I am?"

"Quite."

"And young?"

"Yes."

"Then in the name of goodness where is she?"

To this Amy made no immediate reply.

"I wonder she can leave her child," proceeded Rosamond. "She must be a curious young woman," staring into the fire meditatively.

"But perhaps she has found her husband out as I have. She may know of, of his little peculiarity of——"

"What peculiarity?"

"No, no, Miss Amy, I can be discreet too. You won't tell me anything about this mysterious Lady Kingsford, and I on my side will not tell you of a few things I know about her husband. Still waters run deep. Poor creature; whoever she is I sincerely pity her!"

Here Amy, no longer able to control herself, gave way to a fit of most violent hysterical laughing—laughing which shook her slight frame, which astounded her companion, and set her flying about the room in search of restorative-water, eau-de-cologne, etc.

When she had somewhat recovered and got her breath and dried her eyes, she rose to go with unusual precipitation.

"What is the matter with you?" said her friend, laying her hand on her arm, and standing before her like a tall young goddess, with her sweeping white gown, her long flowing hair.

"I'm sure there is something the matter with you, Amy; I never saw you like this before, never!

"You are not wont to keep secrets from me either. Tell me, has this anything to do with Lady Kingsford, this curious attack of yours?" looking searchingly into her friend's eyes, and laying a soft, small hand on her wrist.

"Yes it has," gasped Amy.

"Poor child!" compassionately. "I had no idea you cared for him so much. It is a mistake, my dear, to let your heart out of your own keeping—even a heart like yours—to this good-looking, mysterious person with a silent, unknown past.

"I thought he was a widower too, or you would have been put on your guard long ago. He is a worthless man. You have nothing to regret."

"Oh, Rosamond! Don't—don't. You don't know what I mean. You don't know what you are saying, and I can't tell you," incoherently; "but some time soon you will know all," and with this incomprehensible information Amy opened the door and abruptly took her departure.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. FRED Brand arrived quite suddenly to the bosom of his family the next day.

Money was tight, he said, and he had just run down to look them up, and to, in his own mind, levy fresh supplies.

Of course he was well aware that it was all Rosamond's coin, as he called it, but he was not sensitive in matter, and he looked forward at no distant day to the happy period when it would all be his own exclusive property.

Now he might, as he was down and doing nothing, for was not a hunting man, just as well keep his hand in as not, and make the running with Rosamond, as he was on the spot.

Of course she would say "yes." Of course she would be only too delighted to bestow herself and her fortune on Frederick Brand Esquire, whose property consisted in a few dozen pairs of boots, several portmanteaus full of clothes (no less than eight evening dress-suits), several hundred highly-flavored French novels, a good many debts, and his own exceedingly ugly, unwholesome looking person.

Not that she liked him. Nor fear of that. She hated him like poison.

He knew it instinctively, but she feared him.

He had her in his power, and if she did not say yes without any nonsense or hemming and hawing, he would, we quote his own words, "Show her up!" by Heaven he would, in every club in London, and she would not be allowed to show her nose any longer in decent respectable society, much less queen it over all the other girls in the county in which Violet Hill was situated.

With these ideas in his mind he adorned himself carefully the afternoon after he arrived, and sallied forth to look for Rosamond.

She was not hunting to-day, the hunt was too far off, and she and Laddie had gone for a long stroll over a common not very far away.

Amy, whose mind was still entirely disorganised, sat at home, half over the fire, with a novel in her lap.

She was a shivering little person, and was pale and pinched and discontented, and she was not anxious to take a long tete-a-tete walk with Rosie.

She had no command over that unruly member—her tongue.

Goodness knows what she might "let out."

Discretion was the better part of valor, and duty and inclination for once were on one side; she would stay at home.

Very, very bright and charming her friend looked as she stood in the doorway in her fur cap and coat, and endeavored in vain to beguile her from the fire.

"You will make a regular old woman of yourself sitting there all day over the coals. You will wither up all your complexion and be as wrinkled as a roasted apple. Come along!"

"No, no," shaking her head. It was a bitter day, shivering as she spoke. She had a slight cold coming on. She had a pain in her ancle.

Any way, she refused to budge, and Rosamond and Laddie set forth alone.

Laddie was seven years old now, but just as fond of getting out for a scamper as in the old days when he used to galop and whirl about like a dog possessed on Drydd Marshes.

They took their way down the avenue along a rather muddy road, and then over two fields by a bridle way, and out on a wide, deliciously wild looking common, or more properly moor, with lumps of furze and heather, some sheep scattered here and there, but no sign of a human habitation.

A high road ran through it, but Rosamond and Laddie avoided it, and took a cut across a pathway leading over the short grass.

Dearly would Laddie have liked to run in among the sheep, and drive them home before him, but he knew better.

After a good brisk stretch of two miles over the heather they turned and were running home, when, to Rosamond's unmitigated disgust, she beheld Fred approaching with a broad smile on his face and his usual prancing gait.

"Hullo, Rosie!" he called out, familiarly. "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?" with would-be wit.

"Where are you going to?" was her abrupt question.

"Oh! I just came out for a stroll, and to look for you."

"For me!" with a smile of scornful incredulity, as he turned and walked beside her, adapting his pace to her exceedingly rapid walk.

"Yes, for you; and you need not look so cross and so grumpy, my dear girl; it's a great compliment."

"A compliment that I can dispense with," she returned, rudely.

"Oh, no, Rosie! Come, now, don't be getting on your high horse with me. It's no good, I know too much, eh?" with a diabolical grin.

"You don't know how to behave yourself like a gentleman, at any rate," she returned with a glance of biting sarcasm, "and, what's more, never will."

"There you go! There you go, as usual; but I don't mind, it's all like water running down a duck's back, as far as I'm concerned. I'll have my turn by-and-by," expressively.

"What do you mean?" staring at him scornfully.

"You know I admire you awfully, Rosie."

"I wish to gracious you would not call me Rosie," she interrupted, passionately. "I won't permit it."

"Ah! I'm treading on delicate ground, am I? eh, Miss Dane?" bringing his face very close to hers. "That was the other fellow's pet name for you, I suppose, eh?"

"Keep away," fiercely, "and leave me alone. Walk on!" she added, imperiously, waving her umbrella. "I renounce the honor of your escort."

"Come—come, now! She musn't be cross now, must she, Laddie?" addressing himself to the dog in would-be persuasive tones and walking beside the young lady all the same.

"You know, 'pon my honor, Rosamond, I admire you awfully. I do, indeed! You're the image of a sweetly pretty girl that does the trapeze business at the——"

"Never mind where, I don't want to hear anything about who I am like, in your opinion."

"Oh! well, if you saw her you would not be so short, I can tell you. She's my style all to nothing, and so are you," coming nearer.

"That will do! Keep your distance!" stepping aside. "Let it suffice you to know that you are not my style!"

"Oh! am I not?" in an affronted tone. "Well, you're singular, that's one comfort," complacently. "I know your style—a dark, hawk-eyed chap, with a very short beard.

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, we won't fight about looks, and, anyway, it's all the same when people are married—it does not matter."

"When who are married?"

"You and I, to be sure," promptly.

"You are out of your mind this afternoon, Mr. Brand," said Rosamond, sarcastically.

"No, never saner in my life—never! Why shouldn't we marry?"

"Well, for one very ample and sufficient reason."

"And that is?" insinuatingly.

"That I detest you more than any one in the wide world. I would rather die—do you understand that?—than ever become Mrs. Frederick Brand!"

"You will, all the same, and I'll tell you why, though I know your history. I'll stretch a point, and marry you."

"Thank you, in consideration of six thousand a year, is it not?"

"Precisely, my angel: you have got it this time."

"And supposing I say never?"

"Then I shall take my remedy. I will let you know in time what to expect. I shall;" now speaking very slowly and distinctly, "go among all my club friends and tell them the true history of Miss Rosamond Dane.

"I'll tell them everything, and she will be turned out of society. She will be a social pariah! aha! The ice queen, indeed!

"A pretty take in—chaste as ice—pure as snow! Dear me, dear me, appearances are deceitful!" shaking his head expressively.

"I told you once before to begone and do your worst!" returned his victim, between her teeth, "and you did. You have the same permission now.

"Never as long as you live speak to me again; never dare to come under the same roof with me, you basest wretch that ever was called man! Go! leave me;" halting as they reached the edge of the common.

"Leave you! well. I've not done with you yet, Miss Rosie, if I do leave you. I give you a year to think over what I've said; and now, you look so pretty in a tantrum, such a color in your cheeks, I'm just going to take a kiss," suddenly seizing her round the waist as he spoke.

During the high words this pair had been bandying with each other they were unaware that a horseman, in a scarlet coat and splashed tops, was trotting over the common behind them.

He had recognized Rosamond at once, and by her gestures he comprehended that she was scornfully repudiating something or other.

He kept closer, and was within forty yards when he saw the man she was with suddenly put his arm round her waist, and put spurs to his tired hunter.

But Rosamond was better able to take care of herself now than in those days in Paris long ago, and Rosamond was in a rage.

She twisted herself free from Mr. Brand's hateful embrace with one violent struggle, and taking short hold of her umbrella, said, in a voice shaking with passion—

"If you dare to touch me again I—I shall kill you!"

An empty threat, but it needed only a glance at her blazing eyes to show that if she had not the power she had the will.

"What's all this?" said a voice behind her, and starting, she beheld her other bete noir, Lord Kingsford, who had grasped the situation in a glance, and recognized the odious little cad of Porte St. Martin Theatre to boot.

The recognition was not mutual, as he sprang to the ground, hunting-cap in hand; and staring rather dangerous said—

"Has this fellow been insulting you, Miss Dane?"

"You leave Miss Dane and me alone, my fine fellow," said Freddy, valiantly, but his pale face belied his words. "Just ride on, and mind your own business."

"It is my business to interfere in every lady's behalf when I see her annoyed by a cad like you," returned the other, fiercely; "and I'm strongly inclined to break every bone in your miserable little body," taking him by the collar as he would a child.

But here Rosamond interfered. Much as she hated, loathed Freddy, now that she was a little cooler she did not want the championship of Lord Kingsford.

"Did he insult you, Miss Dane?" he demanded, still holding the struggling Freddy by the collar.

"Yes, he did! but let him go. I do not want your interference!"—surveying him with proud, defiant eyes—"only keep him with you till I get part of the way home," she added, on second thought; "that's all I want,"—her voice trembling as she spoke—"to ask you to do now."

And without another word she turned, and vanishing round the corner, down a lane, and in another moment was lost to sight.

As her rapid footsteps died away Lord Kingsford released his hold on Freddy's collar, and said, in a tone of suppressed but furious passion—

"What the deuce have you been saying to her, sir?"

"What is it to you?" retorted the other, insolently.

"What have you been saying?" now seizing him again, and shaking him backwards and forwards in his grasp, like a rat.

"I say, hold on!" he gasped. "A great, strong fellow like you. It's a beastly shame. Hold on!" he cried, "and I'll tell you. I, I was doing no harm. I was asking her to marry me, that's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" ironically. "Nothing else! And she accepted you with effusion?" evidently with a sneer.

"No," sullenly, "you know she didn" but she'll have to marry me all the same!'t

"Oh, indeed! and why?"

"Because," spitefully, "you're Lord Kingsford, ain't you? and I don't mind telling you. You're a friend of the family, you ought to know what a very, very nice young woman Miss Dane is?"

"Yes, pray proceed, I'm all attention," running the lash of his hunting-whip through his hand, and eyeing Mr. Brand meditatively.

"No one would marry her but myself. She's a young woman with a history—a past."

"Really! what sort of a history?"

"Well, one not exactly suited for the use of schools, as they say, or for private families. She's called the Ice Queen, and she's just as much right to that name as"—gaining——

"Stop!" interrupted the other, "if you dare to breathe her name in connection with anything but what is as spotless as snow, I'll——"

"Don't be in such a rage for nothing," stepping back. "You haven't heard the story, and then, perhaps, you won't be so ready with your threats.

"She was brought up in the country, quite a violet in the shade, and when her grandmother died she took up with some fellow on the sly, ran off to Paris for a spree, had no end of a good time, and returned to the bosom of her family pretending she had been staying at her old school! This was not all, she had a baby, which has been hustled away somewhere. Oh, she's a very nice, well-behaved young woman!"

"And yet you would marry her, Mr. Brand! You would be good enough to overlook her little deficiencies, it appears?"

"I would, for certain solid reasons, and now you have the whole story, Lord Kingsford. You just leave me to manage my own affairs."

"Oh, certainly," putting a strong restraint upon himself, and still fingering his whip almost with fervish impatience. "And the man she ran away with, what about him?"

"Oh, he's never been heard of. He was some swell, a wolf in sheep's clothing," grinning hideously. "I saw him, and I'd know him again anywhere, if ever he dare show up!"

"You are sure of that?" impressively.

"Quite sure and certain."

"If he was standing before you what would you say?"

"Say? oh, I don't know. It's not my business, you know; it's Mrs. Brand's, or Rosamond's.

"Your memory for faces is not so good as you imagine, Mr. Brand," said the other, with a curious expression in his face. "I was the man."

"You! you!" recoiling, "Not you! It's impossible. I—it could not have been you!"

"And why not? Look at me well; imagine me with a beard, and looking ten years younger."

"Well, supposing I imagine all that," plucking up in his heart, "what then? What have you to say for yourself, eh? Oh by George! this will be nuts for the governer when he knows it!"

"He does know it," returned the other, coolly.

"What! What does he know?!'

"That I'm Allan Gordon, who was cast away at sea, and for years on an island; that I am now the owner, most unexpectedly, of the Kingsford estates, and that for more than six years I have been Rosamond's husband."

* * * * * *

Mr. Brand gasped at this announcement.

He simply could not speak, his tongue had lost the power of expression.

He merely stood and gazed at this dark, handsome, stern-looking, red-coated stranger who confronted him on the common, with his horse's bridle over his arm.

"And she doesn't know you!" he exclaimed, at last, "What's the meaning of it all! I'm blessed if I can make it out!"

"She does not recognize me, you are right but it is unnecessary to explain matters to you, Mr. Brand.

"Ask your stepmother, Mrs. Brand, and she will give you any information you require if your curiosity becomes over-vehement. I may merely satisfy your mind on two points.

"One is, that Rosamond Gordon being Lady Kingsford will never be your wife. The other little item of intelligence is, that you never (and doubtless you have had many narrow escapes) were so near a sound horse-whipping as you were to-day. Only that she made it a special request I would have half-killed you; and if I ever hear of your talking of her, of our," correcting himself, "affairs, or of annoying her in any way, of thrusting your undesirable presence on her at any time, I will give you reason to remember Allan Kingsford,"

And with this emphatic warning he deliberately remounted his horse, and without another look towards the abject figure of Mr. Brand he trotted briskly away, and was soon out of sight, leaving Rosamond's tormentor uttering a variety of ejaculations and feeling as if the world had suddenly turned upside down.

So she was married, after all! and to this real, live lord; and yet she did not recognize him as her husband!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BROOKLYN car driver, whose mother left him $15,000 some time ago, still sticks to the reins and brake, and declares he will continue to do so.

Together.

BY F. C. B.

HOW do you like her, Jud?"

Young Dr. Galbraithe looked up at his cousin a second before answering.

"If she were worth a hundred thousand I would marry her to-morrow. She is a girl who ten years from now will do honor to even a Galbraithe."

Alice was silent, and outside the open door, in the hall, Carmie had come all unheard in her slippered feet, but not unhearing, and stood silent also.

She was not vain, so felt a strange delight in this man's words, cruel and heartless as they were; but she was proud and sensitive, and her eyes flashed, and something of the superb power that Judson Galbraithe prophesied for ten years hence thrilled her as she stood there; then, nothing but a girl, she shivered as she thought how easily she could have been won by this handsome, careless man, had she been wealthy—won, but not loved; and she crept quietly away, wondering if she could ever be anything to be proud of—anything but a poor, half-paid teacher.

* * * * *

"Thirty to-day. Once I should have considered myself old at this age, with the best of life past and little before me to enjoy; but now I am very happy, thankful, and content."

Carmie Brownell was looking across the blue sea waters, her hands resting upon the railing of the balcony, her calm, sweet face grave and thoughtful.

The climbing vines and roses threw fluttering leaf-shadows and sunshine upon her tall, lithe form, and people on the beach below turned to look at the unconscious figure a second time.

"Who is she, Leicester?"

"Miss Brownell."

"Is that all there is to say of her?"

"No; I might talk a day of her and you would be as little acquainted."

"You are unusually reticent. She must have incurred your lordship's displeasure, and you punish her by ignoring her."

"We are good friends; but I know that your questions were prompted by idle curiosity, and thought I would wait until you met her.

"She has won a fair fame and considerable wealth, I believe, by untiring patience and labor.

"She has triumphed over every obstacle, met trouble and disappointment that would have crushed a woman less brave; and now from it all she brings, instead of a cynical, selfish nature, one so thoroughly pure that men are made better for her living."

"She is wealthy, famous, but still unmarried?"

"Yes, even an old maid, if you like; but no one ever thinks of that."

Philip Leicester frowned, and there was a ring of displeasure in his sweet, strong voice.

It angered him to hear this cool questioning even from a friend.

Dr. Galbraithe at his side—handsome, fascinating, worldly-wise, and a trifle worldly-wild—turned again to look at the white-robed figure.

They sauntered back an hour later, just as Miss Brownell tightened the reins over her high-stepping blacks.

"Those are magnificent animals, by Jove!" exclaimed Galbraithe.

"Yes, she handles them perfectly, too." And Philip's dark eyes flashed, and a wonderful light swept over his face with the smile and bow he gave Carmie Brownell, while she gave a glance at both, but a smile to only one, as she dashed by; and the second time that day the fastidious Judson Galbraithe turned to look at a woman.

He had quite forgotten her, however, until he saw her that evening in a little crowd in the drawing-room.

Philip Leicester was one of the crowd, and, Galbraithe made his way towards them to be introduced.

She rose, smiling, gracious, thoroughly a lady, with no pretence to girlishness.

There were valley-lilies at her belt, valley-lilies in the soft lace at her throat, and valley-lilies in the loose, low-coiled hair.

Her eyes were clear, brave, tender; her face one that changed with every thought, but was ever pure and true.

The summer passed, as all summers have a way of doing, and one night, when the season was almost ended, Carmie Brownell stood upon the terrace in the moonlight, listening to the roar and moan of the waters.

Judson Galbraithe found her there, looking like some still, restful picture; but she turned with her old smile as he asked:

"Did you come to escape the crowd?"

"No: for had the crowd been here I should have stayed, I love the sea so much. I never dance, you know, and shall not be missed.

"I missed you, and searched until I found you—dreaming."

"Perhaps I am given to dreaming; but to-night I was thinking of my past life."

"Your past, like your present, is good to remember."

He spoke with a shade of bitterness; for what did here make his own careless, worldly one appear?"

"I was only thinking of the starting-point. Shall we return?"

"Not unless you wish it, for I have wanted to see you alone, but have not been able to. You must know what it is I have to tell, for no man can be with you without learning to love and respect you. My life is not worthy to offer; but you can make me what you will. Oh, Carmie, I love you—I love you! Will you say that you care for me and will be my wife?"

His face was pale with the great passion which thrilled his soul, his eyes were burning and bright as they searched her face for one tender look, and his hand closed upon hers with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp; but she was looking away from his face, beyond the line of harbor lights and the very sea itself, as she answered, slowly:

"Is it myself or my hundred thousand that you would marry?"

All the scorn and subdued feelings of those twelve years rang out in the clear, proud voice:

"Yourself! What do I care for your wealth? Come to me penniless, but for your love—I will work for both; only tell me I can, dearest."

"Wait until I repeat your words of twelve years ago. Let me show you how well I remember; you said of Carmie Brownell, a poor and friendless girl, 'Were she worth a hundred thousand I would marry her to-morrow.' I am worth it now, and you come saying that you love me. Had you said so then, the girl Carmie would have believed with a faith the woman has not. I am glad you didn't say this then, even had you cared for me; you did me a greater service, for, after hearing your opinion of me, I crept away, and after the first outbreak I determined to make my life worth living, even if it might never be 'worthy a Galbraithe;' and the words that wounded so cruelly at first proved the incentive and watchword to something better than I then dared dream.

"Years ago I should have considered your offer to me to-night the best of all, and would have thought myself avenged; but now I am only sorry that anyone should suffer through caring for me."

The sweet, earnest voice was silent; the waves moaned and sobbed on the sands below like some doomed, hopeless soul, and the music floated out to them wild and sweet—dying in a crash and wail of anguish.

"Is there no hope, that you have forgiven my foolish, mercenary words? Oh, Carmie, let me live for you, and prove my love by that?"

She turned with a face as white as his in the moonlight, and a look of pain in her grave eyes: then, very softly, with a world of saddened tenderness in her voice:

"I am engaged to marry Philip Leicester; we have cared for each other a long time."

And then Leicester came upon the terrace.

He took Carmie's hand upon his arm and drew her soft shawl around her with a proud air of possession; while Carmie, ever thoughtful for this strong man's passion and the sorrow that had settled like darkness upon him, led Philip down the steps, and away under the great calm stars and the moonlight, to walk in the glory of perfect love together.

GETTING A LIVING.—A French writer, whose tastes, have led him to dive below the surface of society in pursuit of information, has furnished many curious particulars respecting the queer industries of Paris, most of which flourish in the more crowded quarters of the city.

From his works we learn, among other things, that the Paris street cries, so piercing and so numerous, are taught by a professor, who instructs his pupils from a work published in the time of Francois I.

The same cries have been handed down from generation to generation, and are as well known to housewives as are the various bugle calls to the private soldier.

The trade in second-hand corks, it may well believed, is a profitable industry, considering the enormous consumption of wine in Paris; but there are other trades which are much more questionable.

For instance, the broken crusts collected all over the city are manufactured into a trimming for the hams and chops which look so tempting in the shops. Some ingenious merchants buy up the shells of Burgundy snails (the large succulent species eaten in the restaurants), and make them up, with the common species found in churchyards, or even with slugs, covered with veal stuffing, into a "colorable imitation" of the real article.

A good living, again, is made by the manufacture of Marseilles soup from the fatty material skimmed from the water at the outlets of the drains.

Coffee stalls in the streets do a large business with needy persons, with the assistance of the grounds purchased at the cafes and restaurants.

At certain times of the year enterprising women earn a great deal of money by scouring the bottoms of rivers and streams for the red water-worms which the Parisians use as bait for gudgeons; others range the marshes in pursuit of frogs for the table, or for vivisectionists.

It has been said that there is nothing so insignificant or so unpromising that it cannot be utilized by a Frenchman. As a proof of this may be cited the *sauveur d'ames*, or saver of "souls."

By a curious coincidence, the word *ame* in Parisian slang is applied to the small pieces of leather which are inserted between the soles of shoes.

There are actually men who make a living by picking up in the streets these apparently useless scraps, and retailing them to the cobblers, who are located at most of the small coal-dealers' shops.

An industry even more incredible is the collection of the oats dropped by horses between the cracks in the paving stones at the cab-stands. It is said that some of the collectors keep two or three hundred fowls, ducks or turkeys.

One collector, sows annually one or two acres of ground with oats, besides supplying his poultry-yard, with the produce of his industry.

Scientific and Useful.

REGILDING FRAMES.—For regilding frames that have become spotted it is quite common to use gold bronze mixed in dextrine, but it is often found that the spot reappears. To prevent this, rub the regilded spot, after it is thoroughly dry, with melted beeswax applied with a soft brush.

BAKING.—A great difficulty has always existed among bakers to get a light into their dark ovens, so that the process of baking might be observed, but a recent trial of electric light in an oven where the temperature ranged from 400 to 600 degrees, proved entirely successful. A plate glass door is put in the oven, through which the bread or pastry may be seen.

THE HAIR.—Chemists have found that hair contains an oil, a mucous substance, iron, oxide of manganese, phosphate and carbonate of iron, flint and a large proportion of sulphur. White hair contains also phosphate of magnesia, and its oil is nearly colorless. When hair becomes suddenly white from terror it is probably owing to the sulphur absorbing the oil as in the operation of whitening woolen cloths.

SMALL.—The smallest steam engine in the world is now claimed by a Toronto paper to be the production of a resident of Arkona, Can. It says: The dimensions of this miniature affair are as follows: Diameter of cylinder, 1-3 of 1-16 of an inch; stroke, 1-32 of an inch; weight, ¼ of a grain, bore of cylinder, .3125 of a square inch; revolution, .1760 per minute; horse-power, .12490 part of a horse-power. This engine is so small that it can easily be covered with the case of a 22 calibre cartridge.

SPEED OF SAWS.—Late improvements admit the cutting edges of planing and moulding knives to move at the rate of 9000 feet per minute. Lumber is fed to these cutting edges at the rate of 15 to 100 per minute, according to quality of wood, hard or soft, and quality of work required. The velocity of circular saw teeth is about 9000 feet per minute. Some first-class saw mills now exceed that. Band saw teeth, up to five-eighths wide, are now doing their best at about 4000 an hour.

NEW CHECK.—A new baggage check has been perfected and been adopted by several Western railroads. It consists of a rather large brass shell, with a strap attachment, the shell holding four coupons folded on each other. The first coupon is to be filled out to the passenger, the second to the agent the third acts as a way bill and the fourth goes with the shell, and contains the number of train, time and date received and the name and address of owner. The coupons are intended to take the place of all reports of baggage forwarded, received and delivered, and excess baggage and storage blanks, thereby reducing expense and economizing labor.

Farm and Garden.

BEE MOTHS.—The bee-moth, which does so much damage to the colonies, is the color of old wood, and the wings cross each other, turning up like the tail of a fowl. It may be seen lurking around hives in the summer evenings trying to gain admittance.

THE THRUSH.—Aphthæ, or thrush, is an affection of the mouth of the horse and other animals, and arises from indigestion or the eating of acrid plants. If the first, it is generally accompanied by constipation of the bowels, small red spots upon the bucal membrane, and especially that part about the tongue. If vesicles are found they may be carefully scarified, after which may be used, several times daily, by injections into the mouth of a portion of an astringent lotion made of vinegar, honey and borax, or alum.

GRAIN AND STOCK.—The result of grain farming and stock farming, says a Canadian paper, may be summed up as follows: The grain farmer spends all his energies in getting all he can out of the land during the short space intervening between the beginning of spring work and the end of harvest, or perhaps he may have a few acres of wheat, which he sows in the fall, and, after sprouting, waits till the advent of spring to renew its growth, while the stock breeder has his work at his hand the whole year round, but his herd manures the land, reaps the crop and carries it to market.

THE LOSS.—The yearly loss to cultivators by the depredations of insects in the United States has been variously estimated at from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000; but, although the amount of the crops has been continually increasing, we have no doubt the insect losses have decreased through the knowledge of cultivators to elude or destroy them. A late scientific writer says there is no doubt that it would be wise in economy for every State in the Union to have a properly qualified officer charged with the study of insect injuries and benefits, and that many times his salary would be saved to the State.

THE CURRY-COMB.—If a curry-comb must be used have the smoothest one that can be found, and use it but sparingly. In the hands of some men the curry-comb is a barbarous instrument of torture. Applied with a long, sweeping motion, without regard to the shape of the body, or the evenness with which it is held, it will make a poor animal shrink and shiver. The skin is often seriously hurt by the angles of the comb when carelessly and heavily handled. A short motion, back and forth, does the work more effectively and humanly than the severe application of the comb described. The horse will learn not to dislike it if he finds he is not hurt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 17, 1885.

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FALSE FACES.

This is the age of shams. Brick houses, plastered over, make believe they are built of stone; passages are papered to seem constructed of blocks of marble; paper frames are colored to seem made of black oak; old materials are worked up to sell as new clothing; and the eye is so constantly deceived that the appearance of an article is no longer any guide to what it is really made of.

This is a great disadvantage in many cases. It was so in the late war, when the poor soldiers found their boots had only paper soles to them, though they were colored to look like leather.

And we have heard, too, of articles of clothing being supplied to soldiers which were only pasted together, and not sewn at the seams, and so fell to pieces shortly after they were put on. All such deceptions are mean.

In a certain town there was a false-faced clock, and the worst of it was that it was a church clock, and so had the confidence of the people.

This clock had three faces, and the middle one always told a different tale from the side ones, and altogether it kept misleading the neighborhood until at last it was found out. Something wrong with the works prevented the hands moving at the same place on each dial.

Now, the world is full of people with false faces, and they mislead us at first, till we find out that something is wrong with their works, and that they are shams. There is the clean-faced sham. He tells you he would be glad to work if he could only get it, and that he would turn his hand to anything to earn a few dollars for his wife and children.

And so you set him to something or other, when, lo and behold! he slights his work and grumbles at his pay. He spends all his earnings at once on the best victuals in the market for his Sunday dinner, and several games of billiards or cards at some saloon.

That is a false-faced man, shamming the virtuous husband and distressed workman, whilst he is nothing more than an unfaithful servant to the public, and future subject for the poorhouse.

For, remember, everyone who does his work badly has deserved the censure of every tax-payer, for he has injured his employer and defrauded him of the value of his money: and, moreover, by misspending his earnings, he has insured the tax-payers being called upon to pay for providing for his family in the future, if not in the present.

There is the dirty-faced sham, who gets himself up as a blind beggar, or cripple, and who wears rags of the most loathsome appearance in order to excite pity, whilst he has money enough to be decently dressed, and could see sufficiently to earn his bread at a number of things if he had a mind to work, and did not find "shamming" a better-paying trade.

But let us hope that the day will come when no one will stoop to such false-faced baseness as is common now, when people will believe that truthfulness makes the nobleman, and feel it beneath their dignity as men and women to deceive one another. Let us not only be genuine ourselves in everything we say and do, but let us show the public plainly we despise and hate all hurtful shams and will do our best to expose them and put them down.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A DEAF mute, who is blind, attended a religious service for deaf mutes in Baltimore, a few Sundays ago, and was made to comprehend the entire service by a deaf mute who interpreted by certain pressures on the blind man's hands.

—

How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or shrug: how many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives by a mysterious and seasonable whisper.

—

THERE is no real conflict between straightforwardness of character and the use of indirect methods. It is merely a question of the nearest and surest way to a given end. He who would avoid rushing upon obstacles, and so hindering the end in view, may be just as sincere and earnest, and a great deal wiser and more successful, than he who goes headlong, without perceiving the difficulties that beset his path.

—

IN married life there should be sympathy—companionship. The husband and wife should be friends and comrades, without a thought of getting the better of each other. They should join hands at the altar with the idea of being made one. There can be no true love where the thought of mastery enters the mind.

—

WISCONSIN has a factory which last year turned out 60,000 pounds of genuine Swiss cheese. For years Americans have furnished England with the greater part of her old Stilton cheese, and Westphalia with her celebrated hams. This year Americans will likely be manufacturing genuine Lyons silks and West of England tweeds.

—

CHICAGO is debating the question whether it is the duty of a tired man always to give up his seat in the horse car to a woman. His polite impulse is to do so, but as a matter of business, having paid for a seat, he questions whether he should throw the burden of politeness upon the horse car company, which should provide seats for all its passengers.

—

IT is generally supposed that "grown-up" people do not increase in height; but recent researches tend to show that men gain slowly in stature until their fiftieth year, and make a more rapid increase of weight up to the age of sixty. Statistics are not sufficiently complete to determine the growth of women after they have reached the age of twenty-three.

—

THE Chinese Consul in New York states that despite the apparent neglect by the Chinese of most laws that to our way of thinking are absolutely essential to the preservation of health, it is rare that one of the race dies of a contagious disease. He says his people have been studying the laws of health for the last thousand years, and that they have, to this extent, mastered those laws is proved, to his mind, by the circumstance that contagious disease is seldom found among them.

—

WHO are the pure in heart? Not those whose outward lives wear the semblance of extreme sanctity—not those whose voices are loudest in the songs of praise, and whose good deeds are blazoned forth to the world. The truly pure in heart are sensitive, shy, unobtrusive men and women, who traverse their appointed way as modestly as some hidden rivulet flows through a quiet vale. There is no fretting or foaming, or dashing impetuously onward. Their course is marked only by the fertility and beauty which attend it.

—

HAVE we anything that some Tom, Dick, or Harry won't rise and say it came from Europe? It is now affirmed that that old landmark of dances, the "Virginia Reel," was brought over by a Spanish dancing master. In Europe they have an inventor of the telephone. His name is Philip Reis, and he lives in the old Barbarossa town of Gelnhausen. Reis is about to be put upon a bust for doing what Edison and Bell had done before him. The presumption of these Europeans is amusing. They do not even admit that Samuel F. B. Morse was the original inventor of the telegraph.

—

IN the New Brunswick Museum there is an ancient-looking document which tells how managers in the days of old were wont to treat their audiences. This is a theatrical placard of the year 1734, and contains, among other things, the following decree: "We hereby command for the comfort of public that persons occupying the front row of seats have to lie down, the second to kneel, the third to sit, and the fourth to stand." There is a little passage at the end which shows even more clearly the difference between then and now. "The public is forbidden to laugh, because the play is a tragedy."

—

IT requires 15,000,000 cows to supply the demand for milk and its products in this country, and there are invested in the dairying business of the United States over $2,000,000,000, an amount nearly double the capital invested in banking and other commercial industries. It requires the cultivation of over 600,000,000 acres of land to furnish food for the above number of cows. More than $200,000,000 is invested in dairy machinery and implements alone. The men employed in dairying occupations number 700,000, and 1,000,000 horses are necessary.

—

IN 1882 the Attorney General of New York was directed by the State Legislature to find names for 400 new townships. So he took an ancient history and an old English reader and finished the task in a single night, all except about a dozen, which he filled in next morning by utilizing the Christian and surnames of all his friends and relatives. Similar proceedings account for the fact that in the United States there are thirty-two Washingtons, nineteen Londons, eighteen Buffalos, seventeen Brooklyns, seventeen Clevelands, sixteen Hartfords, thirteen Bostons, nine Romes, eight Philadelphias, six Chicagos, four Baltimores and four New Yorks.

—

INDUSTRIAL concentration, above all, is the rule of the age. Steam has extinguished handicrafts, and as steam power is most economically applied on the largest possible scale, its every development aggravates the general tendency to aggregation, to the concentration of business in larger and larger establishments, the extinction one after another of the smaller. Trade after trade is monopolized, not necessarily by great capitalists, but by great capitals. In every trade the standard of necessary size, the minimum establishment that can hold its own in competition, is constantly and rapidly raised. The little men are ground out, and the littleness that dooms men to destruction waxes year by year. Of the cotton mills of last century a few here and there are standing, saved by local or other accidents, while their rivals have either grown to gigantic size or fallen into ruin.

—

NEARLY all the recent premiers of England have enjoyed the advantage of having had wives of great devotion and considerable ability, to whose tender care and sympathy in their ambition they have been largely indebted. The devotion of the Countess of Russell, who is still living, and the Countess of Beaconsfield, had something of romance. Mrs. Gladstone, who is nearly the same age as the Premier, a Stanley before marriage, and through whom Mr. Gladstone came into possession of a country seat and a comfortable fortune, accompanies her husband, as did Lady Beaconsfield, everywhere, and frequently remains in the ladies' gallery to the close of the night's sitting. Lord Palmerston, more than perhaps any other first minister, however, was indebted for his position and its maintenance to his wife, who was physically and mentally a remarkable woman. Up to her death in 1869, at 85, four years after her husband, she could read without glasses, and talked with all the fire and energy of a young woman of twenty. Her voice was most cheery, musical and soft. Her eyes were of light blue; in spite of the very evident wig, she was a noticeably handsome old lady.

—

THE British crown is not the property of Queen Victoria, but of the nation. All the crown jewels are kept in the Tower of London. The room in which they are kept is a ground floor apartment, with sombre stone walls eight feet in thickness. It is small, and in its centre stands a huge iron-barred cage oblong in shape and rising nearly to the ceiling. Within this cage is a stand, terrace-topped, and covered with velvet which was at one time white. At the extreme top is the crown made for Victoria. Below it, on one side, is the crown of the Prince of Wales, and on the other that of the last of the Stuarts, the four Georges, and William IV. One crown had served very well for all of these men, but when, in 1857, the royal headgear had to be put upon a woman's head, it was, of course, much too large, and a new one had to be made. Beside the crowns there are in the collection the royal wand, a solid gold stick three feet seven inches in length, the royal communion service, three large fonts, all of solid gold, out of which the royal children are baptized, besides numerous other valuable presents that have in times past been presented to the State by friendly sovereigns. The entire collection is valued at fifteen million dollars.

THE COMING TIME.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

There is no pity in rude winter's blast
Tho' many a form is sparely clad and fed,
And while the sky of honest work's o'ercast
There's teeming store of golden wealth, and bread.

But all-sweet charity—may it freely ope
To meet want's bitter needs—her generous hand,
And never may the beaming orb of hope
Forget to smile upon this goodly land.

And may this New Year kindly bear us on—
To gleaming skies beyond the misty haze—
As when the dull and chilly winter's gone,
It's followed close by Spring and balmy days.

Miriam Douglas.

BY CHARLES REED.

"I'M SORRY to interrupt you, sir; but the lock on your satchel is broken, making the things unsafe, besides being a very shabby old bag, sir, begging your pardon."

So quoth Eliza, relict of Josiah Nims, the sexton, to her lodger, the Reverend Julius Byron.

"What is here," exclaimed this gentleman, "when I really haven't the time to attend to anything but these letters!"

"I have an errand which takes me past Piper and Tipson's; I could buy you a new satchel, if you would trust me. Going among all the fine people at the wedding with your look tied up with a bit of string wouldn't do at all, sir."

"Thank you, Miss Nims; I have great trust in your judgment, and should be obliged if you would attend to this matter for me, and save my going into town."

As the door closed after his landlady, the Reverend Julius Byron resumed his writing with a sigh of relief.

As he sat leaning his head on his disengaged hand—a hand beautiful enough to atone for plainness in all other features had nature willed him to be plain—Julius Byron was an ideal picture of a student—brown eyes, with a far-away dreamy look, hair long enough to show a tendency to wave loosely back from the forehead, and a pale clear complexion set on by a golden-brown velveteen coat, which he wore when in his study.

Twenty-nine years old, undeniably handsome, gifted with winning manners, and shepherd of a flock most willing to be guided, Julius Byron, as if by a miracle, had escaped being spoiled and petted into effeminacy.

His safeguard lay perhaps in a pair of soft eyes which had held him spell-bound for a few rapturous weeks, and the witchery of which had lasted over three years of almost total separation.

Miriam Douglas, dispensing tea and gingerbread to the hordes of charity-children in the park of Mount Edgecombe, was one of the prettiest and daintiest of Modern Hebes, in a muslin dress in color matching forget-me-nots and her eyes equally well, and with roses at her waist and throat which stole their delicate tints from her cheeks.

Miriam was seventeen that day, and the blue muslin was her first long-dress; to this the little lassie paid far more attention than to the admiring gaze of two dreamy eyes.

After the feast, there were offerings of flowers, good wishes, and rather too many kisses and embraces from the charity-children; and, among her other trophies, Miriam Douglas carried away the heart of the Reverend Julius Byron.

Had she known this, it would have affected her less than the consciousness that the Barclay girls, her former playmates, were enviously admiring the grown-up womanish arrangement of her bright silky hair.

There were a few tennis-parties and five-o'clock teas after this, during which Mr. Byron worshipped his divinity from afar. She seemed a little in awe of him, and rarely spoke with him more than five minutes at a time.

What a delightful task it would be to chase away the timidity from the soft fawn-like eyes, and how pleasant to think that the sea-shell pink stole to her cheeks from joy at his approach!

Fate however cruelly interfered with Mr. Byron's confidence in the bosom of this bashful maiden of seventeen.

In three short weeks, before he had made any perceptible headway, Miriam was summoned to the bedside of a dying relative, and Julius Byron was called to a parish in a commercial town.

Three long years this idyl had been in his past; and through all this time the memory of Miriam Douglas excluded any other love from the young clergyman's heart, though many were the goddesses willing to be therein enshrined.

He wondered to himself; she had slipped completely out of his material existence; he knew not where she was, or if she were dead, or worse—married.

Still, with all this uncertainty, he could not forget her, and a voice within him seemed to whisper that they would meet again.

The rapid skimming of his pen over the white page was stayed for the second time by a heavy footstep at the door outside; and Mrs. Nims, panting and crimson from the ascent of the steep stairs, exclaimed—

"There, sir—you could not have found a better or cheaper satchel yourself, if you had searched the town from end to end.

"Piper and Tipson say on their oath that it is a first-rate one, and that you needn't fear exchanging with any one by mistake, for they had only one of the kind.

"This decided me to take it, for, being rather an absent-minded gentleman, you might easily pick up the wrong bag."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nims, thank you; each time that you do anything for me you give me fresh case to admire your clever management and forethought."

In the wedding to take place on the following day Mr. Byron felt no particular interest.

The contracting parties were almost strangers to him, as were also the guests, with the exception of Willis Howard, a school-chum of days gone by, and a friend ever since of the young clergyman.

Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, the ceremony was performed at home.

It was a pretty wedding, the bride graceful, sweet, and pale as a lily in her sheeny fleecy drapery; and among the guests was the subdued merriment which prevails when the entertainers exhibit unreservedly the signs of joy and sorrow—the smile and tear both coming from the heart.

After the ceremony, Mr. Byron betook himself to a dressing-room to fold his surplice and replace it in the satchel chosen by Mrs. Nims.

While so engaged, a letter was handed him with the word "Immediate" written conspicuously on the envelope. The contents were as follows—

"MARLOW HALL, Thursday, 18th.

If the Reverend Julius Byron could find it convenient to officiate at a private baptism this afternoon at Marlow Hall, he would confer a great favor on the undersigned. Mr. Byron is requested to pardon the apparent *brusquerie* of this notice, as the case is urgent. The two P. M. train stops at Portland station, where a carriage will be in waiting.

STANFILED MARLOW."

"You will go, I suppose?" said Willis Howard, to whom Mr. Byron presently showed his note.

"Of course; one cannot refuse such a summons. It is probably a question of life and death."

"I am due at Uxmore to-night—rather a different errand from yours—a masquerade-party. I'm sorry we are not travelling in the same direction."

"I am sorry also. Do you know anything of the people at Marlow Hall, Howard?"

"Never heard of them before. Are they strangers to you?"

"Entirely so."

"Now good-bye, old fellow; my traps are all stowed away in the train, and I had better follow them. Take care of yourself among these mysterious strangers."

In the bustle and confusion at the station Mr. Byron's satchel was mislaid; but he presently caught sight of the familiar object on a distant table, and felt inwardly thankful for its ungainly proportions and the huge brass diamond which made it so easily recognised.

At Portland a respectably-dressed man in charge of a wagonette came forward to meet Mr. Byron; and during the drive to the Hall the former discoursed freely upon the existing state of affairs there.

A son and heir to the fine estate had arrived, and there had been great rejoicing; but within the past twenty-four hours their joy had been turned to mourning by a despatch summoning the newly-made father to the death-bed of his only sister in Germany.

The young mother seemed to feel a presentiment of misfortune, and she had insisted upon the baby's being baptised before the departure of its father.

The clergyman of the parish was temporarily absent; hence Mr. Byron's hasty summons.

The ceremony would be performed in the chapel connected with the Hall, and would be very quiet, being witnessed only by the father and grandfather of the child, with possibly one or two guests.

After lunching in a sombre richly-decorated dining-hall, Mr. Byron was shown to a bed-room, with the intimation that his services in the chapel would be required in an hour, if convenient to him.

There was something strange and interesting about the fine old mansion so lately a scene of rejoicing, and now silent as an empty church.

No members of the family were visible, and the great house seemed deserted, save for a few silent-footed servants.

As the time for the baptism drew near Mr. Byron asked to be conducted to the vestry-room.

To make sure that everything was in readiness, he opened his satchel, when, to his consternation, instead of drawing forth a neatly-folded surplice, he held up before his astonished gaze a doublet and hose of scarlet and gray satin, such as might be seen on the stage in *As You Like It*.

Alas for the veracity of Messrs. Piper and Tipson and the credulity of the worthy Mrs. Nims!

The so-called unique bag had many duplicates, and Mr. Willis Howard had bought one that very morning in which to stow away his fancy-ball costume.

Here was a predicament indeed for the Reverend Julius Byron!

In desperation he flew to the wardrobe in the vestry-room. Vain hope! Not a shred of the other clergyman's vestments hung there.

What was to be done? Even if in extreme cases the Church rules permitted the clergy to officiate without robes in the sacred edifice—and for the moment Mr. Byron was too bewildered to think whether this would be permissible or not—how could he explain the annoying mistake to these strangers? They, already so troubled, would think him an untrustworthy, careless trifler.

In his perplexity he rang for the man who had already waited on him.

"Is there a lady in the house with whom I could speak for a few moments?" Mr. Byron asked.

"My mistress's cousin is here; but she does not leave the invalid's room for anything just at present."

"Then I will write my message in a note."

He stated the case as clearly as he could on paper and despatched the servant with it.

In answer a lady sent her maid to inquire if search had been made everywhere in the vestry-room for a surplice. He sent back word that further search was useless.

After some moments of—to him—terrible suspense—for the time was almost come for him to appear in the chapel—the maid, returned, and, with deep blushes and a nervous twiching of her apron-hem, began—

"My young lady told me to tell you, sir, that, if you would not think it any harm, she would send you her——

"Oh, no, I don't mean that, sir! She said I was not to say who it belonged to, but she would cut the bands off the sleeves and the lace from the neck, and it would be long, and nobody would notice that it was a night-gown, sir; and, if you didn't mind, sir, I would go and fetch it at once, for there is no time to lose."

The girl's concluding words were only too true; and, however much he might have hesitated at their suggestion in cooler moments, he was thankful now for any solution to the difficulty.

"Tell your mistress that I shall be very thankful for the loan if she thinks the deception will not be discovered."

The servant vanished, and was soon on the spot again with a snowy linen night-gown.

The neck at the back had been torn down to admit broader shoulders, and a linen handkerchief had been hastily stitched in to hide the rent.

Most of the ornamentation had been cut away; but enough remained to prove that the garment belonged to a lady of very dainty tastes.

Thankful for this semblance of a surplice, and too hurried to feel amusement, Mr. Byron arrayed himself, entered the chancel, and the service began at once.

He observed with a sigh of thankfulness that the chapel was very dark; and this enabled him to read without much nervousness.

Two gentlemen came forward with the baby and its nurse, and for a brief time during the service the young clergyman saw indistinctly the slender figure of a lady standing in the dimly-lighted aisle.

Before the end of the ceremony her feelings seemed to overcome her, for she left the church stifling what might have been a sob, but which sounded strangely like a laugh.

What Mr. Byron feared would be a trying ordeal was soon over, and he re-entered the vestry-room with a much lighter heart than when he left it. While disrobing, a name in indelible ink on the gown attracted his attention.

Perhaps he should have respected his fair benefactress's wish to remain unknown; but the temptation was too strong.

He turned to the light and read the name—"Miriam Douglas"—under the tucks and embroidery of the robe which he had just discarded.

Was it a coincidence, or had a kind fate led him to the shrine of his idol? The uncertainty was not to be borne.

"Will you ask Miss Douglas if she can grant me five minutes' interview before I go?" he said to the girl who came, in great trepidation, for the novel surplice.

In a cosy little reception-room Julius Byron was presently received by her who had been the companion of his happiest dreams during more than three years. The blushing bashfulness had vanished, leaving in its stead a graceful womanly dignity. She was a sweeter, fairer Miriam even than of old, "divinely tall and most divinely fair."

"Oh, Mr. Byron, how horrified you must be! You signed initials only to your note; and I little suspected to whom I was offering that garment.

"I recognised you at once in church, and, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, I had to laugh. It was such an uncommonly bad fit!"

"It was a great boon to me, and I shall be everlastingly grateful to you for coming to the rescue."

A sudden indifference as to the hours of departing trains seemed to take possession of Mr. Byron, and he found himself with a certain amount of equanimity accepting an invitation to spend the night at the Hall.

At the conclusion of her visit to her cousin Mrs. Marlow, Miriam betook herself to the house of a friend, who extended many informal invitations to Mr. Byron as well.

One soft fragrant evening, among the June roses, Julius Byron told his love-story: and Miriam listened with a look in her eyes which told her lover that he spoke not in vain.

* * * * * *

"How provoked you, in your turn, must have been at finding my surplice instead of the fancy costume!" said Mr. Byron to his friend Willis, when they again met.

"I was in a rage at first, I admit," answered Mr. Howard. "But affairs turned out not so bad, after all. I put on the surplice to see how it became me, when one of the maids, catching a glimpse of me through the window, set up a scream, declaring that she had seen a ghost. This brought a lot of visitors out of their rooms, among whom, to my surprise, was Edith Fulton—my Edith, you know. We have quarreled and parted, never to meet again; but the ridiculous feature of this scene seemed to break the ice between us, and—— Well, Byron, I have blessed the memory of your surplice ever since!"

"That *contretemps* of the satchels was a lucky thing for us both."

"Piper and Tipson and their humbugs for ever!" exclaimed young Howard.

Tabbie's Rose.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

"I DON'T care for red roses, thank you."

"Not care for red roses! Surely you cannot mean what you say, Miss Tabbie?"

"I always mean what I say, Mr. Clayton."

"But the sentiment is such a peculiar one."

"My sentiments frequently are peculiar ones."

"Then you, I suppose, will not care to accept it."

"Oh! yes I shall. Others may appreciate it if I do not."

And, taking up the flower, Tabbie fills a specimen vase with water, and placing the rose therein, stands it on a table, a mischievous smile curving her rosy lips meanwhile, for she knows perfectly well that a public appreciation of his gift is by no means desired by the donor.

He had intended it for the private enjoyment of one, not for the general gratification of the many. He makes an effort to obtain his object.

"I had hoped that you would wear it in your hair at Mrs. Gilbert's party to-night."

"Did you? I am sorry I cannot; but I don't think it will quite do with my dress;" and Tabbie, who knows that in her room at this identical moment a dainty robe of spotless white is laid out in readiness for the evening, instantly resolves that she will appear beautiful in pale green and lilies of the valley.

Tabbie Campbell is a bewitching little coquette—a coquette, be it understood, in the most harmless sense of the term.

But even the most harmless of coquettes may manage to do some mischief; and Tabbie has effected a good deal of damage among the more susceptible of her male friends, and Robert Clayton is among the number. He may quote with reason Tom Moore's epigram:

"They say thine eyes, like sunny skies,
Thy chief attraction form,
I see no sunshine in those eyes—
They take me all by storm."

For one glance from the little lady's blue orbs has brought about the complete subjugation of the grave man of letters, and has laid him at her feet a helpless, but willing and devoted, slave.

Robert is quiet and reserved by nature. He has never before suffered from even a slight attack of the ruling passion. His knowledge of women has been limited.

His time has hitherto been entirely given up to literary work and scientific research, and his most familiar intercourse with the gentle sex has been a restricted one with a deaf and elderly housekeeper, who presides over his small establishment, and whose disposition is the reverse of amiable.

Now all is changed. To use a somewhat altered version of Cæsar's communication to the Senate, "He came, he saw, he was conquered."

He dreams no longer of closely-written MSS. and abstruse calculations, of the origin of the species, and the ultimate destiny of the human race.

Love the all-powerful, love the omnipotent, has appeared on the scene, and man—that easily-swayed creature, is vanquished and subdued.

Robert, however, is but a humble-minded man. He has but a lowly opinion of himself and his merits.

He considers sadly the twelve years difference in age between himself and the object of his affection, and he reflects yet more sorrowfully on their difference of temperament.

He contrasts her liveliness, her gaiety, her buoyancy of spirits, with his own reserve and taciturnity—the comparison does not render him more hopeful of success in his suit.

He had hitherto delayed to speak the words which shall be productive of so much happiness or so much misery. He is not a coward, either morally or physically; but he hesitates to invoke with his own lips his edict of banishment. For that a rejection would amount to such he feels fully assured.

His own sensations would render it advisable for him to absent himself from her presence, for a while at least. But he feels that at last the important moment has come; he has had enough of suspense, and he will learn his fate without further deferment.

It is with that purpose in view he has called on Miss Campbell to-day and though he fears her reception of his floral offering is hardly an auspicious omen, he will not relinquish his intention.

It has cost him a big effort to screw his courage to the sticking point, and having made the effort, he does not intend that it shall be a fruitless one.

Tabbie feels a little aggrieved at her visitor's peculiar manner. He has answered some of her questions at random, and Miss Tabbie is not accustomed to a divided attention.

Where she reigns, she likes to reign absolutely; she will tolerate no divided worship—she must be all in all.

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Clayton?" she asks, innocently enough.

"Quite, thank you," he answers.

"I fancied you seemed pre-occupied; but perhaps you were thinking of your book. Oh, I saw a review of it in one of the papers this morning."

"Is that so? I haven't read the papers yet?"

"I'll get it for you, then," and up jumps Tabbie.

"No, don't; pray don't. I can read it another time. I have something to say to you now."

"Yes?"

And Tabbie resumes her seat, and a suspicion of what is coming causes her to draw her work-basket towards her; for there is no more useful auxiliary to the display of a woman's self-possession than some article of work.

She is twice mistress of the situation, if her fingers are provided with thimble and needle. She can play her part with far greater effect when her words are emphasized by stitches.

"We have been very good friends, have we not?"

"Very," asserts Tabby, stabbing holes with her stiletto.

"It seems a pity to disturb our pleasant intimacy; but I feel to keep silence longer would be impossible. Miss Tabbie, I am sure you must be aware of—of my regard for you."

Tabbie gives a wistful glance at the door. There is no further doubt as to what is impending, and she does so dislike such scenes.

She has a tender heart in spite of her waywardness; and it troubles her to give pain, and yet—and yet Robert notices her look, and any lingering hope he may have cherished vanishes.

Nevertheless, he determines to hear the worst. He rises, and leans his arm on the mantle-piece.

"I am not a very prepossessing fellow, I fear," he says, slowly, "and I have very little but my great love to offer you; but—but do you think you care for me sufficiently to become my wife?"

Tabbie pulls at her thread and breaks it, drops her embroidery, and picks it up again, flushes and grows pale. It is harder than she had expected to refuse this quiet-speaking wooer.

"You are very kind," she murmurs.

"I should be content with a very moderate liking," he interrupts, quickly. "I am not pre-sumptuous enough to imagine that there is anything in me to call forth any very ardent affection from another."

Tabbie gazes for a moment on his tall, though rather stooping figure, his intellectual face, his dark hair and beard, and thinks that most men with his qualities of mind and person would have given far different estimates of themselves.

"Your happiness should be my first consideration, your wishes I would endeavor as far as possible to gratify," he continues, earnestly; "no woman should be more cared for, I fear; but believe me, it is not from lack of feeling."

Tabbie answers nothing; but droops her head and plays with her scissors. Her experience of to-day is a new one. She has never before lacked words wherewith to dismiss her suitors.

"I wish I might interpret your silence according to my desires. May I venture to hope a little? Can you give me a little encouragement?"

Tabbie shakes her head slightly as she looks up.

"I am very sorry——" she begins, but he stops her.

"It is enough," he says, in a low, steady voice, but with a tightening of the muscles round his mouth. He has braced himself to bear his sentence manfully, and he will betray no sign of weakness. "Young ladies, I have heard, generally preface their refusals with that phrase, so I can guess what else you would say. I do not blame you. I can truthfully own that I have not been sanguine of success. If your kindness to me has fostered my attachment, the fault was mine, not yours. I have known all along that the difference between us in every way was so great as to be almost insurmountable, and if you see in it an impassible barrier, why, child, as I said before, you are not to blame. The fault is mine alone for subjecting you to the present annoyance."

Unconsciously Robert had adopted a paternal tone in the latter part of his speech, for he perceived that the girl's downcast eyelashes were wet with tears, and he blames himself bitterly for the pain he is causing her. His love is so pure and unselfish that his principal trouble just now is her evident distress.

"Good-bye," he says, gently. "I am sure you will be glad to be rid of me," and with a squeeze of her soft little hand, he is gone.

She hears the doors close after him, hears his step on the gravel without, then she flies up to her bedroom, casts herself on to the bed, and bursts into a passion of convulsive sobs.

At Mrs. Gilbert's party that evening the prettiest face and the prettiest figure belong to Tabbie Campbell. The agitation of the afternoon has in no way detracted from her good looks.

Her eyes are as sparkling, her cheeks as bright, her repartees as witty as though such beings as rejected lovers had no existence for her. Her gaiety is more noticeable than ever, and her laughter rings out continually. She dances untiringly, and she talks unceasingly; but she seems, eagerly, each new comer as he approaches.

"What a pretty, light-hearted child it is?" remarks Mrs. Gilbert, watching her. "It is evident that as yet the cares of the world sit lightly on her shoulders. Don't you admire her, Mr. Clayton?" she inquires of that gentleman.

"Certainly," he responds, laconically; and as his hostess moves away to greet a fresh guest, he retreats to the doorway; and a few minutes later, when Mrs. Gilbert wants him to take part in a quadrille then forming, he has vanished.

* * * * * *

A year has passed, and summer, with lavish hand, is once more scattering abroad her rich gifts of bud and blossom.

"I saw Clayton in town to-day," says Mr. Campbell, one evening at dinner.

"Did you?" observes his daughter, pouring herself out some water. "How is he?"

"He says he's all right; but I cannot say that he looks very well. He had been abroad, he told me, and in the spring caught a fever at Rome, so I suppose it is that that has pulled him down."

"I expect it is," rejoins Tabbie, losing her appetite all of a sudden.

"I asked him to come and stop a few days with us. I thought the change would do him good. He refused at first, but I managed to persuade him afterwards."

"And when is he coming?"

"Next Tuesday. He inquired after you, and desired to be kindly remembered to you."

Tuesday comes, and Tabbie, all the morning, flits from room to room, a veritable spirit of restlessness.

Her housekeeping duties have been discharged; she has seen that the spare room is properly prepared; she has sung, and practised, and read, by fits and starts; but each occupation has failed to interest for long.

Mr. Clayton is to accompany her father from the city, and as the hour of their return draws near her uneasiness increases. When, at length, they arrive, she goes out into the hall to meet them. She has not seen Mr. Clayton since the memorable afternoon twelve long months ago, and her heart grows suddenly cold as she perceives how thin and haggard he has grown.

"I am afraid you have been very ill," she says, as she is pouring out tea, and he is standing at her side, waiting for his cup.

"Ah! no; it was nothing much. Just a slight touch of fever, that was all."

Tabbie thinks that the touch of fever must have been considerably more than slight to have caused such an alteration; but she does not pursue the subject further.

Being pressed by his host, Mr. Clayton extends his stay from a few days to a week, and certainly the change seems to be of benefit to him, and Tabbie, whose pallor and loss of spirits during the winter and spring have been a source of much anxiety to her doting father, sets his troubled mind at rest again by the return of her former bloom and vivacity.

It is Robert Clayton's last evening at The Hollies.

Tabbie and he are doomed to a *tete-a-tete* dinner, for business detains Mr. Campbell in town, and he sends a message to that effect.

"How tiresome, and your last evening too!" says Tabbie, handing the telegram to Robert.

"Oh! don't think about me," he rejoins, returning her the despatch; and as he does so, notices that she wears a white dress, unrelieved by any color or ornament save a half-blown red rose in her hair.

For a brief second his features contract as though with acute pain: but dinner is announced, and, with no sign of emotion, he offers her his arm.

The meal is rather a silent one, each appears constrained by the presence of the other, and as soon as it is ended Tabbie makes her escape.

Safe in the shelter of her own chamber, she locks the door, and snatches the rose from her hair.

"He doesn't care for me at y longer," she cries, with passionate vehemence, trampling the unoffending flower fiercely beneath her feet. His love is over and past! I am an idiot to suppose it would be otherwise! And I have humbled my pride and lowered my self-respect for nothing. But it is a just punishment, only oh! it is cruel—cruel!"

Half an hour later she makes her appearance in the drawing-room, smiling and composed.

"Would you like some music?" she asks, seating herself at the piano.

"If you please," answers Robert.

She plays several pieces; but her performance elicits no comment.

"What have you done with the rose you were wearing?" he says, approaching her, when she pauses and takes her hands from the keys.

"The rose? Oh! I suppose it has dropped out."

"I thought you told me once that you did not like red roses?"

"Did I?"

"You must remember that you did. You cannot have forgotten the occasion."

He is quite close to her now, and as he looks down at the girlish figure, at the face which is, and which always will be to him, the fairest on earth, a sudden wave of desire sweeps over and masters him.

He has conscientiously endeavored to tear her image from his heart, and has failed.

Why not essay his fortune again? He loves with a man's strength, not with a boy's passing fervor.

Surely the very force and power of his passion will attain its object.

"Tabbie," he says, hoarsely, stooping over her, "is your former decision irrevocable? Child, I have tried to forget you and I cannot. I have roamed the world seeking oblivion, and it will not come. I am a patient man. I will not weary you with importunity; but say, oh! my love, say there is a little hope for me."

Lower sinks the golden head. He sees the growing pallor on the averted face.

"Speak to me," he go on, tenderly touching a loose tress of hair; "tell me that you will give me regard, respect, esteem, but don't—oh! darling, don't—don't send me from you despairing and hopeless!"

A quick blush overwhelms her! but she looks up to meet the longing in his eyes.

"I will give you love," she whispers

* * * * * *

"Robert, do you remember this?"

He looks at the brown, withered flower she is holding out to him; but there is no recognition in the look.

"It is the rose you gave me once, and which I wouldn't wear. I—I have kept it ever since."

"My sweet little darling," he murmurs, drawing her to him.

"I do like red roses, really," she owns, naively; "but I wanted to tease you. I didn't find out that I cared for you so much till afterwards."

"Then you did care for me a little even at that time?"

"Yes."

* * * * *

In Mrs. Robert Clayton's most sacred treasure receptacle is a small packet wrapped in silver paper.

It is only a shrivelled flower; but she values it as the most precious of all her possessions.

The Black Profile.

BY CHARLES REED.

WHEN we bought Ninesacres, we bought the furniture with it.

"What was Ninesacres?" you say.

"Well, Ninesacres was just so much land, with a house attached—not a farm-house, not a cottage exactly.

After a while we found out that it had been a parsonage, and that the clergyman who had lived there had died at the age of ninety-eight, having had charge of the same church for fifty years.

The church was gone now. A railway ran across its former site.

Elsewhere arose another parsonage, new and prim.

And now the house and its belongings, its nine acres of field, meadow and orchard, and its collection of odd old furniture, had become ours.

The country people about found fault with the place because it was too shady. We loved it better for that.

City people might have despised the furniture, neither old or new enough to be fashionable.

But we liked that, too; and the long clock in the corner, and the tall, straight-backed chairs, and the high desk book-case were as delightful as they were queer to our eyes.

Here we would come every summer, leaving the city behind us, forgetting Mrs. Grundy for all those months between June and October, and rusticating to our souls' content.

Most of all we liked the little octagon, bow-windowed library.

We were in this library sorting out the books one morning, when there was a little sound at the door, and looking about, we saw standing with a hand on either door-post, a tall woman, in that mysteriously hideous article of raiment, a hood, something in which a maid-servant and a queen at once fall to the same apparent social level, and granddaughter and grandmother appear of the same age.

She wore below this a black alpaca dress, cut sparely, and a little checked shawl, and she appeared to be inspecting the room rather than its occupants, though three of us sat on the floor covered with dust, and as utterly regardless of grace and dignity as members of one family who expect no outside observation can be at times.

The hood turned from side to side, and from its depth came a voice, which said—

"Well, good morning. You are the new folks, ain't you? Dusting up? Well, it needs it—yes, it needs it. He never had anybody to dust for him—no. Nobody to put things tidy, and he was absent-minded. Yes—most men be, unless they have got someone to put 'em in mind of things, and he hadn't—no. I knew the Dominie. I'm Miss Betsy Drake. Yes, I knew him—yes. Well, good morning."

Two of the group incontinently vanished. I, left to do the honors, stood up and offered a chair.

Miss Betsy Drake took it at once; and having done so, removed her hood, upon which I saw the face of an old lady much prettier than it is usual for most country women to be after she has passed her girlhood.

She was blue-eyed and faded, it is true; her hair was grey, too, but she had plenty of it, and it grew low on her forehead, and had a dainty wave and curl.

Either she still held her own teeth, or the dentist was an artist.

A little net cap with a bow of ribbon in it sat nigh up on her head; and she wore at her throat a little brooch with hair in it.

The remains of a very pretty woman, and not a vulgar one either, was Miss Betsy Drake.

When I thought of the exceeding plainness of the majority of the elderly matrons in the locality, I marvelled that she should have remained Miss Betsy to the end of the chapter.

Then, conscious of too long a stare, I did what I could to remedy my ill-manners, and told her that "it was a pleasant day."

She shook her head.

"The summer seems slow to me," she said. "It used to be warmer in this month, I think. When the Dominie first came here the cherries were ripe in the orchard. Those trees are dead. I think they be. Yes—I know they were ripe, because ours weren't, and I was looking at them, and he came to the wall. 'Miss Drake,' he said, 'allow me to offer you these.'

"Yes, he did. The prettiest manners he had. Well, well. Yes, I knew the Dominie very well. And you are dusting the books, ain't you? I used to borrow books out of the library once. If I had my specs, I'd show you some I've read. What was the one he marked? I'd show you if I had my specs. Well, well—yes, I knew the Dominie."

Suddenly she paused, looked across the room, and arose.

On the wall, between the windows, hung in black silhouette the profile of any gentleman who happened to have a Roman nose, and wore the coat-collar of our grandfathers, glazed, and framed in mahogany with a gilt rim.

She walked towards, and looked at it closely and earnestly.

"That's him," she said. "Yes, that's the Dominie. It's perfect. I didn't know he had his likeness cut. No, I didn't know it. Well!"

Something in her face, in the way she put her head unconsciously on one side, in the faint, pink flush that stole up to her cheek as she spoke, prompted me at that moment to an act of generosity which would have been greater had I not regarded a black profile as the most hideous thing in art, and this particular profile as the most hideous one ever cut.

"Since you were an old friend of Dr. Horner," I said, yielding to my impulse, "and doubtless will value this likeness more than a stranger might, will you accept it?"

And as I spoke, Miss Drake turned, looked at me, smiled and said—

"Why, I want to know! Do you really mean it? Why, I declare—but if you do I'll own it. I'd love to have it. Yes, I would. You see I knew the Dominie."

I lifted the loop of green ribbon from the nail and handed it to her.

Then she caught my hand.

"What a dear, good girl you are!" said she.

"Nobody listening, is there? No! I'll tell you, then; only don't mention it. The Dominie and I were engaged. Yes, we were going to be married: and he got all furnished, and then we quarrelled. Yes, we fell out; yes. Oh, dear, how foolish young folks are! He never married. I didn't either. It was his place to make it up; 'twasn't mine. No woman ever ought to take a step towards a man. Let him follow her. That's his duty. Yes; we fell out.

"Thank you dear. I'll put my handkerchief over the likeness as I go along. I don't want it to be town talk; no. Good-bye. Come in and see me. The next house but two in Penurun's Lane. And next time I make cheese, I'll send you some."

And away walked Miss Betsy Drake, with dead Dr. Horner's dusty old profile in her handkerchief, forgetful, doubtless, at the moment how many of the tongues that had wagged over the dead love of long ago lay silent under the white tombstones of the graveyard.

The town talk she dreaded was long since over.

By that gift I won Betsy Drake's heart.

Often afterwards I sat beside her in her own room upstairs—the room whose window looked towards he parsonage—and she told me more of the simple story in little, broken bits.

That was his hair in the brooch.

She had been to the fortune-teller before she saw him, and she had told her that she would not be married—a dark woman would come between them.

She was a dark woman, Prudent Rest; but it was all cozy, all a lie, she believed now.

The Dominie was a catch; people hated her for being chosen by him.

There was not much good in Prudent Rest. She went away, and strange stories came about her.

But then he should have said it was a falsehood, and not have been so proud.

Again she took from her trunk a dress yellow with age—India muslin.

She was to have been married in that.

I shall never forget that low-ceiled bedroom, with its bright flowered paper.

The sampler in cross-stitch on the wall, with Adam and Eve, and a serpent and an appletree, the handiwork of Betsy Drake, aged ten.

Nor the finer composition, on white satin, in colored silks, done by the same scholar, some years after.

A mourning piece she called it.

A black veiled female, weeping tears the size of an egg into an urn, on which the name and age of some deceased Drake was embroidered.

Intricate quilts covered the bed, knitted curtains were at the window.

Pincushions and housewives — Heaven knows what—showed how the lonely spinster's life had spent itself.

How many memories were stitched into those bits of needlework

If they could have spoken, all the poets, perhaps, might have been dumb to listen; for when we think how we change, and how our loves die out, and our hearts are weaned away from old romances before we are thirty, must we not believe that a love and a romance that could cling lichen-like

to the heart that had beat for eighty years, must been very strong?

Though all one saw was that a faded cheek grew pink over a dusty black profile, all out of drawing, and that the name of Prudence Rest could make the meek old eyes flash angrily even yet.

Poor Betsy Drake.

Who would have thought you the heroine of a love tale as you, in your black alpaca, drove your needle in and out, proud of itsold-fashioned "long-point" movement, faded and withered as you were?

No one! Yet, like the withered and faded rose, there was sweetness about you yet.

At last, one day Miss Drake fell ill. A cold—a pain in the side—not much.

She seemed to like to be in bed and talk about it.

Telling how she caught it, and what messes she had taken; but she did not get well as soon as she expected.

The doctor's chaise stopped often at the gate, and the doctor shook his head and said—"About the same," when asked about her.

Then my reading from the old book of poems that she had found long ago in the library—the poems Dr. Horner used to read to her when they were young—seemed, as Betsy said, "to rest her more of anything."

And, indeed, there was still a sort of odd likeness to her face in the pretty, simpering portrait frontispiece that she told me in a whisper Henry said was so like her.

But, though it rested her, I used to go home rather sadly sometimes from that bedside, for I had grown to like Betsy Drake, and I knew that in a little while it would be hard to believe that the faded woman and her dead love story had not met me in a dream.

And so I sat at the book-case desk one night, and turned over the yellow letter-paper, and the boxes of red wafers, and the bundle of long quills, and read a fragment of a sermon not more brilliant than most sermons are, and laying it aside, found under it a half-finished letter—a letter written on blue paper, with a soft quill, that was dated back forty years, and ran thus—

"DEAR BETSY,—Ten years ago we fell out with each other, and since then we have spoken not one word; but you know now how false the tongue was that belied me; and I am five-and-thirty, Betsy; and I am wiser, and know I should not have been so proud; and no face has ever been sweet to me save yours, nor ever will, my dear; and if, forgiving all, you can——

Yes, that was all; no more. I searched in vain. No more; not another word.

Forty years ago the pen stopped there—forty years, so it bore date—and the mystery of the why and wherefore, the tongue of the dead alone could solve.

But though the clock struck nine as I had finished reading it, I took it to Miss Betsy then and there.

"I have come to watch with her," I said, by way of excuse, and the tired farmer's wife thanked me.

Then we were alone, and in the silence of the country night time, I read the forty-year old letter to her.

"He never finished it," she said. "No. I know just how he wrote it. Often, sitting alone at night, I'd say—'I will make up' I began two or three letters, but I tore them all to bits next morning. We wouldn't help ourselves. But what fools we were."

Then, with a little quivering sigh, she said—

"But he began it—he began it."

Then, holding the letter against her breast, old Miss Betsy Drake went quietly to sleep.

Quietly as a child.

But when the dawn broke, I took the little black profile from its frame, and folded it in the unfinished letter, and laid them together, under the folded hands, upon the heart whose unfinished tale was after all, no doubt, better and sweeter than many a completed love-story.

A Silence of Years.

BY E. W. P.

IN the Kemp Chapel, in the parish church of Finchingfield, in Essex, is still to be read this inscription:—"Here lies William Kemp, Esq., pious, just, hospitable, master of [illegible] who lived [illegible] by a voluntary constancy [illegible] for seven years, who was buried June 10th, 1685, aged 73."

That inscription is the voucher for the truth of the story I am about to tell.

William Kemp was the squire of Finchingfield, and the owner of Spains Hall, a [illegible]

He was madly in love with his wife, Philippa, who is buried by his side in the chancel of Finchingfield Church.

For a short time after they married the two lived together very happily, and then the husband, who was one of those ardent, impulsive natures which are often at the same time both the most generous and the most apt to take offence, grew violently jealous of Philippa.

Not many miles away there lived a handsome young squire, whose relations towards his wife he believed to be anything but what they should be.

He seemed not to have had a particle of [illegible] for thinking this, but we must remember that "trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

His wild thoughts soon goaded him to action, and one day he accused his wife of setting her cap at the good-looking young squire, and when, with astonishment and indignation, she denied the accusation, he angrily used language towards her which could only have been justified by the clearest proofs of guilt.

Unable longer to bear the tension of such an interview, he rushed from the house and began walking with rapid and excited step across the park.

The anguish which he had read in Philippa's face as he rushed from the room pictured itself to him as he walked, and smote him like an accusing conscience.

Ere he had gone far he repented of his hasty and cruel speech, but regret brought him no consolation.

He could see now that there was no justification for what he had said, but the mischief was done, and what reparation could he make? He threw himself down under the shade of a tree and buried his face in his hands.

As he lay there, prone upon the grass, a wild thought took possession of him. He was a man of determination, and after a few minutes' struggle he slowly rose, with his resolution taken.

It was his tongue which had brought about this needless misery, and his tongue should make the reparation. For seven years he would not speak a single word.

All that day he wandered about like a man distraught, and it was not until evening that he returned home.

Spains Hall was thrown into a state of consternation at the sudden dumbness of its master.

When she understood from her husband's signs that he was unable to speak, Philippa Kemp was beside herself with grief, and speedily forgot his unkindness of the morning.

It was at first thought that the Squire was the victim of witchcraft.

Then the doctors were tried, but all in vain, and William Kemp remained obstinately dumb.

After a time the household became accustomed to the speechlessness, and learned to understand his wants and instructions by the signs which he made.

The time, however, hung very heavily upon his hands. He permitted himself but few of the pleasures of the chase, and every day he felt more and more the imperative need of employment.

After a few months he determined to make a fish-pond in the park, and at once set energetically to work.

He directed the workmen by signs, and spent nearly the whole of his day in watching them.

By the end of the first twelve months' silence, the pond was finished, and the foolish man again began to weary of his monotonous life.

Beyond the chase there were very few resources open to the inmates of country-houses at that time.

Much letter-writing was out of the question, and the black-letter libraries of Elizabeth in manor houses were soon exhausted.

There seemed nothing for it but to make a second fish-pond, and made it accordingly was.

The third year of William Kemp's silence he constructed a third pond, and his friends began to [illegible] he was mad on the subject of [illegible] But the Squire was not so mad as he seemed.

He thus early determined to make a pond during each year of his silence, in imitation of the seven ponds constructed by the monks of Chertsey Abbey.

These olden monks kept a particular kind of fish in each enclosure, and he determined to do likewise.

Carp and tench were to be kept in one pond; bream in another; roach and dace in a third; eels in the fourth; in the fifth, pike and jack; in the sixth perch.

The seventh was to be devoted to an experiment to ascertain if trout would live in still water.

It is said that an idle person in the village who accidentally overheard the Squire's resolve not to speak for seven years, prophesied that misfortune would occur to him at the end of the fifth year, and that if he lived to the end of the seventh, he would die without recovering speech. These predictions came true.

At the end of the fifth year of silence, Spains Hall is said to have been broken into and a quantity of plate and jewelry stolen.

A great deal of this is doubtless legend, as also is the tradition that Kemp died speechless upon the very day that the seven years of silence expired. A [illegible] indeed, there is no certain [illegible] seven years of silence [illegible] served, there is the evidence of the contemporary tombstone and the remains of the seven fish-ponds to show.

Frauds and Imitations.

Let it be clearly understood, that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 [illegible] elsewhere, and called Compound [illegible] is spurious and worthless, and those who try it simply throw away their [illegible] will in the end discover. [illegible] Compound Oxygen. It [illegible] free.

EMPHATIC GUARANTEES.

Which are Justified by an Extraordinary Public Experience.

TO THE PUBLIC.—*Greeting:* As the conductors of the largest business of the kind in the world, (and therefore having an extraordinary experience), we feel justified in making the following statements:

Our Theory Proved.

FIRST.—We have held from the beginning that most of the common ailments are caused primarily by kidney and liver disorders, not primarily by bad blood; that bad blood is caused by temporary or chronic derangement of the kidneys and liver, and that by restoring these blood-purifying organs to health, we could cure most of the common ailments. Other practitioners, however have held that extreme kidney and liver disorders were incurable. We have proved to the contrary in thousands of cases.

Safeguards Against Epidemics.

SECOND.—The kidneys and liver are the sewers of the system, and unless they are kept in perfect working order no amount of public sanitation can prevent epidemics raging among the people. The prudent man, *in the winter and spring*, will fortify the system against any such possibility. Dr. Koch, the celebrated German Scientist and physician, says, for instance, that cholera will have but little effect among those who keep the digestive organs and the kidneys and liver in healthful operation. WARNER'S SAFE Remedies are the best scientific curatives and preventives, and should be used now as a safeguard against any future scourge.

Scientific Specifics.

THIRD.—*We do not cure every known disease from one bottle*, for Warner's SAFE Remedies number seven scientific specifics, which have been put upon the market, only in obedience to strong public demand.

Recognized Standards.

FOURTH.—Warner's SAFE Remedies, spite of all opposition, have won the favor of the profession as well as the masses, and are recognized as the leading standard medical preparations.

Strong Guarantees

[illegible] years of unequaled experience, we can give these unqualified guarantees.

GUARANTEE I.—*Pure and Harmless.* That Warner's SAFE Remedies are pure and harmless.

GUARANTEE II.—*Testimonials Genuine.* That the Testimonials used by us, so far as we know, are bona fide, with a forfeit of $5000 for proof to the contrary.

GUARANTEE III.—*Curative Effects Permanent.* That Warner's SAFE Remedies are not *merely temporary, but permanent*, in their curative effects and will sustain every claim, if used *judiciously* and as directed.

Proofs of Permanency

SIXTH.—Special inquiry among hundreds of our oldest patients results in unequivocal testimony that the cures wrought six, five, four and three years ago, were *permanent*. And most of these were *pronounced incurable* when they began Warner's SAFE Remedies.

Read a *few* of thousands of testimonials.

REV. ANDREW J. GRAHAM, Grand Island, Neb., was cured of Bright's Disease in 1881, by Warner's Safe Cure, and in 1884 he reported that all local trouble had [illegible]

[illegible] JAMES S. PRESCOTT, box 262, [illegible] began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and in 1884 he reported "health never better: just past 80th year: an enthusiast for Warner's Safe Cure."

[illegible] HARRIS D. CRANDELL, P. M., Big Rapids, Mich., was [illegible] for years from Kidney Disease; in 1884 he reported "the benefits derived from Warner's Safe Cure, four years ago, were permanent; have had no trouble since."

REV. F. D. HOPKINS, Dodge's Corners, Wis., suffered for many years with Kidney disorder, and was confined in an Asylum; he began using Warner's Safe Cure in 1882, and December 15, 1884, he reported himself sound and well.

C. F. B. HASKELL, Locating Engineer of the B. C. R. & N. R. R., Dakota, in 1883 reported that his wife was utterly prostrated with female difficulties and at times was out of her head; finding no relief from Physicians, was restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure, and Nov., 1884, Mr. H. wrote "my wife has never seen the slightest return of her difficulty."

SEVENTH.—It is a source of great gratification to us that Warner's Safe Remedies have been permanently beneficial to so [illegible] *have no equal.* H. H. WARNER & CO.
Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1885.

VEGETARIANISM.—Vegetarianism does not seem to succeed in Berlin. Even the hitherto most frequented vegetarian restaurant in the Taubon Strasse has got to yield to the force of circumstances and announces in flaming placards that it will henceforth [illegible] the customers may have vegetables cooked in butter, on the opposite one beefsteak [illegible]

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom bed as great and durable profits from small and hasty efforts.

New Publications.

MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine for January contains a great deal of interesting [illegible] both literary and miscellaneous. Among its contents are: On This Side, a new serial story, just begun. The Fine Art of Picking Up, a stretch on the rage for antiquities, curios etc.; Merry Christmas, a story; The Silent Bond; The Premier of Canada; Aurora, serial story; Asleep; The Bismarcks; Rome and the Campagna, a Christmas ramble; A French Version of the "Merchant of Venice"; A Happening in the Winter Mountains; House-keeping in a French Canadian Town; The Inventor of the "Ayrshire Life-car"; Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day; etc., etc. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. $3.00 per year.

The January *St. Nicholas* has a frontispiece of a child's head, printed in tints. E. Vinton Blake contributes a breezy and exciting ice-yachting story, and John R. Coryell a bright and home-like story, called Baby Deb P'aps' for the Christmas Goose, which tells how the feast was kept in a lighthouse. Historic Girls, a new companion series to Historic Boys, by E. S. Brooks, is begun by the same author. J. T. Trowbridge continues his captivating serial His One Fault, and Davy and the Goblin, go through another instalment of the most surprising and illogical adventures. Edmund Alton has an instructive paper entitled Among the Law-makers. Louisa M. Alcott and H. H. Boyesen bring their two short serials to an end. Poems are contributed by Celia Thaxter, John Vance Cheney, Charles R. Talbot, and others, and a paper on Art and Artists, by Clara Erskine Clement. The Jack in the Pulpit and Letter-Box Departments contain their usual variety. The number is enriched by about fifty engravings, several of which are full-page. The Century Co., New York.

The Century for January is an enjoyable number. The frontispiece is a portrait of Edward Everett Hale. The illustrated papers are a continuation of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's papers on Recent Architecture in America; The Making of a Museum, by Ernest Ingersoll; a poem by John Vance Cheney, telling the Indian legend How Squire Coyote Brought Fire to Cabrocs; Kalispel Country, describing a [illegible] Northwestern Montana, by Eugene V. Smalley, and two papers on the Civil War, both dealing with the western gun-boats—one by Capt James B. Eads, and the other by Rear Admiral Walker. Chief among the unillustrated papers are The Freedmen's Case in Equity, a timely article by Geo. W. Cable, and Christianity and Popular Amusements, by Washington Gladden. The fiction consists of a short sketch by Mark Twain, a tale of studio life by Ivory Black; the second portion of Miss [illegible] Knight of the Black Forest, and the third part of Mr. Howell's new novel The Rise of Silas Lapham. Topics of the Times briefly treats of such matters as The Trouble with the Stage; The Degradation of Politics; Co-operative Studies; Women's Clubs; The Recent Legal Tender Decision; [illegible] Newspaper and the Organ. Brie-a-Brac contains several lively poetical contributions. The Century Co., New York.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following highly interesting contents for January: A Glance at the Jury System, by C. H. Stephens; Agnostic Metaphysics, by Frederic Harrison; Last Words About Agnosticism, by Herbert Spencer; Infectious Diseases, by Professor W. K. Brooks; My Scientific Schoolmasters, by Professor J. S. Dwight; Conditions of the Sea, by Frederick A. Fernald, illustrated; Studying Insects, by Professor Horace M. Scudder; State Supervision of Parents, by Professor Herbert Spencer; Sweet, by J. H. Powers, M. D.; Protective Mimicry in Moths, by Dr. W. Bates; [illegible] Consistency of Cookery, by W. Matthew Williams; Advantages of Limited Monarchy, by Oscar W. Craig; The Architecture of Town Homes, by Robert W. Hill, U. S. A.; Mormon Conservatism; Sketch of Sir Charles Lyell, with portrait; [illegible] Literature and Science, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, Notes. New York: D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York. Price 50 cents per number.

CUTTINGS.—To grow geraniums cuttings [illegible] in sand, [illegible] the keeping of them too wet. [illegible]

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortlandt Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner [illegible] Cortlandt Streets can [illegible] stage hire. If enroute to Saratoga [illegible] Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest [illegible] City. Families can live better [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

MOTHER GREY GOOSE.

BY PIPKIN.

OLD MOTHER GREY GOOSE, who lived on Farmer Gaffer's Green, was a much esteemed and respected goose.

Nobody knew exactly what her age was, and this was a question no one was rude enough to ask, but she certainly must have lived many years in the world, judging from the wonderful stories she told of people she had known, and things that had happened in those far off days of her almost forgotten youth.

"Ah! times are changed, times are changed, my dears," she would say, "and the world wags very differently to the way it did in my day. I must say I like old-fashioned customs and manners best."

Whereupon the saucy young ducks and geese who heard her would cackle and gobble and toss their heads, and murmur to one another.

"Did you ever hear such nonsense in your life? But, then, what can you expect from such a very old goose, who had lived on Farmer Green when he was a tiny boy, and, indeed, some say even before that."

One of Mother Goose's greatest friends was a beautiful swan, who used to sail up and down the pond, proudly arching her white neck and fluttering her feathers in the sunshine.

One fine evening she came up to the edge of the bank, where Mother Goose was sitting surrounded by a lot of ducks, geese and even some funny, downy, newly-hatched chickens, to whom she was as usual telling stories and dealing out good advice.

"Good evening, Mother Goose; have you heard of the new arrival up at the farm yonder?"

"We have, we have," shouted a chorus of voices.

"But I have not," answered Mother Goose, rather sharply, not liking that anyone should be better informed than herself. "Pray who has Farmer Gaffer taken in now?"

"It's not Farmer Gaffer, its Mistress Phylis," cried a pert young duckling; "she has——"

"Picked up the—the most hideous, ugly cur you ever saw," chimed in the duckling's brother, "with a stump for a tail and a ragged coat which hardly covers its bones."

"Disgusting," sniffed the swan; "I pity Prince Karl for having to live in the same house with such a creature. Mistress Phylis bought it from some boys who were ill-using it, and will not part from it, so they say."

"Dear Mistress Phylis," said Mother Goose, "it is just like her, always helping the poor and needy and doing good to everyone she meets. I wish there were more like her."

A sort of uneasy silence fell on her hearers; they felt their remarks had been mean and unkind, and that Mother Goose thought them so; and so no one ventured to say anything more except the swan, who was fond of an argument.

"Well," said she, "I must say I don't like low society, and nobody knows who this newcomer is, or if he is respectable."

"That we shall soon see," replied Mother Goose; "and you know, my dear swan, it is not always the best-looking people who are the best bred."

This was somewhat crushing for the swan, who prided herself on her breeding as well as on the length of her neck and the whiteness of her plumage, so for a moment or two she was silent, and then said:

"Well, at least you will allow it must be very disagreeable for so well-bred a dog as Prince Karl to have to live with a nobody, such as this Bruno is said to be."

"As for Prince Karl," answered Mother Goose, contemptuously, "I never did think much of him. A vain, useless, fine gentleman, his glossy coat covery a very empty brain. 'Fine feathers make fine birds, my dear swan.'"

When Mother Goose ended up with a proverb there was never anything more to be said; so the swan remained silent, but unconvinced.

"Shoo! here they come!" cried a small chicken.

"So they do," cried the swan, "and that's the new dog, is it? Bah! what an ugly creature!"

Amidst much flutter and excitement, in which even Mother Goose shared, they watched Mistress Phylis, her rosy face and golden curls almost hidden under her big sun-bonnet, slowly crossing the green, Prince Karl gaily scampering before her, whilst beside her walked her new friend, Bruno.

Poor Bruno! As yet he was indeed a sorry spectacle to look at—very gaunt and hungry-looking, his coat threadbare and in some places quite worn away, whilst a stump was all that remained of a once handsome tail.

In fact, he was ugly, but he had at least two honest brown eyes, through which he gazed pitifully at the world, as if asking it to be kind to him.

It was touching to see how he clung to his new mistress; he liked to feel the touch of her small white hand on his head, and to hear her say—

"Cheer up, Bruno! Happy days are in store for you. You will soon grow well and strong."

"Well, Mother Goose," inquired the swan, "what do you think of Bruno; not much to look at, is he?"

"I like his eyes, they look honest."

"And his tail," sneered the swan, "and his coat, what of them?"

"Yes, what of them?" laughed all the others.

"Did you ever see such a fright?" added a hen who stood by, with a very disgusted air.

"I've seen worse," quietly answered Mother Goose, fixing the speaker with a mischievous eye, who wriggled uncomfortably as she remembered that many of her feathers were worn off the top of her head, and that the rest were dirty and draggled. "I've seen worse," repeated Mother Goose, gazing meditatively around her, "and, as I have before said, Bruno's shabby outside possibly covers a good heart; let us wait and see."

The days passed on, and every evening Mistress Phylis and her two dogs used to play and run about on the Green.

Bruno was looking better; kindness and good food was doing much for him.

But even Mother Goose had to admit he could never be as handsome as Prince Karl, who, with his pert little nose uplifted, capered about so merrily in the sunshine.

But an unforeseen event happened, which quite turned the tide of public opinion in Bruno's favor, and made him the hero of Gaffer's Green.

One evening, as usual, Mistress Phylis, with her faithful attendants, came out for their game of play.

She wended her way to where a rustic bridge consisting of a single plank crossed the river.

There had been a handrail, but it was broken down. Phylis, however, being a surefooted little maid, did not mind this, as she was quite used to the crossing.

There had been a heavy fall of rain during the day, and this had made the plank very slippery.

Cautiously Mistress Phylis stole along, but, alas! when midway her foot slipped, she lost her balance, and with a cry which startled Mother Goose from her doze, and brought the swan flying down to see what had happened, poor Phylis sank into the stream beneath. Oh! the excitement on the Green.

Now Prince Karl barked and wagged his tail, but was too much of a coward to go after his mistress, and now the swan swam up and down, willing to help, but not knowing how.

Once again the golden curls appeared on the surface of the water, and two small hands vainly beat the air for help, and then sank slowly out of sight.

Was there no one to come to the rescue of the poor Farmer's only child?

Yes. See! there is a rush and scramble along the bank, and then Bruno, brave, ugly Bruno, sprang into the water and swam swiftly to the spot, where he could just see his darling little mistress's white frock. Clutching it tightly between his teeth, he drew her towards the shore, and panting and breathless, laid her at her father's feet, who had just rushed down, well nigh distracted, to save his cherished daughter.

Catching her up in his arms, he strode quickly to the house, followed by Prince Karl, who looked very much ashamed of himself, and Bruno, who, in dest and retiring as all real heroes are, yet would not have his merits overlooked, he had soon her open her eyes, and heard them say she was coming round.

Two or three days passed before she was able to run about as before, but when she did, who was so admired, so praised, as the one who wore round his neck a silver collar, which the grateful farmer gave him for saving his little maid's life.

There was silence amongst those, who, only a few days ago, had jeered and mocked at his homely appearance, even the swan had nothing but praise to bestow, as they watched him walking beside Mistress Phylis the first time she appeared amongst them after her accident.

Mother Goose listened with a smile to the praises, the compliments showered upon him, and said:

"Ah! silly ones, when you have lived in the world as long as I have you will learn that a ragged coat often covers a brave heart, and that looks go for nothing. Handsome is that handsome does."

"You are quite right, dear Mother Goose," said the swan, and so said everyone else who lived on Farmer Gaffer's Green.

WILD ROSES.

BY E. W. P.

"Don't stop further. Look!"

The speaker stretched out his arm to arrest the steps of his companion, and the two stood peering through an opening in the thick grove of trees, through which they had just passed.

In a small clearing, shaded by over-arching boughs, was a pretty group of four.

Three were children, and one a maiden, golden-haired, and blue-eyed, dressed in fleecy white muslin.

She was seated upon a broad stone, and the children were gleefully crowning her with a wreath of wild roses, delicate, pink-tinged flowers, with green leaves.

A long garland of the same flowers was thrown from her shoulder to her waist, and fell upon the thin, white skirts of her dress.

Her hair was unbound, and, in waving, curling profusion, floated over her shoulders.

"Who is she?" whispered Moreton Hale, as he took out a sketch book and rapidly sketched the group.

"Those are Mrs. Cope's young ones, but who the lady is I do not know. Hallom! are you sketching? I must go to the post-office, but I will not cross here. Shall you be home to dinner?"

"Yes."

All this was spoken in whispered tones, and the merry group in the clearing suspected nothing of the prying eyes so near them.

"There, Cousin Nell," said one of the children, pulling some little fluffy curls forward upon the fair forehead, under the wreath of roses, "you are lovely."

"Now, if you have trimmed me up enough," said the lady, in a sweet, clear voice, "sit down, and I will tell you a story before dinner."

"Now, if the fates were in my service, they could do no better for me than that," thought Moreton Hale, as the children sat upon the grass, and silence fell upon the group.

"Once upon a time," said the musical voice again, "there was a tiny fairy, who lived in the very heart of a wild rose."

It was a long story, the children pleading for more, and again for more, whenever there was a dramatic climax to the fairy's adventures.

And Moreton Hale sketched rapidly, only vaguely defining the grouping and surroundings, but elaborating the portrait of the central figure, till he was quite sure he could copy it accurately upon canvas.

The bell in the village church steeple rang out for noon time, and the children slowly rose from their grassy seats, and began to remove the roses from the hair and dress of the young lady.

When the last rose lay upon the grass, the four left, passing very near the hidden artist, but not discovering him.

"To-morrow I will know who she is," he thought, putting up his sketch-book and pencils.

But to-morrow is slippery, and so Moreton Hale found.

Reluctantly turning his steps homeward, he met his host, with a letter summoning him away at once.

His father was dangerously ill.

It was no time for delay, and before night the young artist was travelling to the city, as fast as steam could carry him.

The illness proved fatal, and Moreton Hale was roused from a life of artistic indolence, to become the master of a large estate, the protector of his widowed mother and younger sisters.

Grief for an indulgent, loving father, a conscientious striving to carry out all his last wishes, an accumulation of business duties, all combined to keep Moreton Hale busy for several months.

But when winter reigned, and there was a lull in the active pursuit of his numerous duties, the young artist resumed his brush and palette.

Though he was a man of wealth, he was not an amateur at his dearly beloved profession.

He had studied faithfully, both at home and in Italy, and held no mean position in the world of art.

Already he had been missed by the critics, and knew that there was a hope he would contribute something to the exhibition of paintings.

So in the cold, wintry light he turned over his sketches to find a subject for his next picture.

And, nestling in the leaves of his sketch-book he found the group he had seen in the summer saunter at Graville.

He searched no further.

Upon the white canvas he copied the sketch, and worked with anxious care upon the fair sweet face of the unknown maiden.

He left out the golden ornaments upon the fleecy white dress, fastening the lace at the throat with the pale, pink-tinged blossoms.

He idealized the sun-burned children into fairy-like darlings, and he faithfully drew the leafy background, the rock seat, and the grassy opening.

When the picture was completed, the face of the central figure, a life-like personation of the maiden he had seen but once, was graven deeply upon Moreton Hale's heart.

It was not there above a host of other fair faces, for the young artist absorbed in his beloved art, had been no flirt in the circles of society.

Mabel and Maude, his twin sisters, brunette and handsome, were enthusiastic about the picture, and the critics pronounced "Wild Roses" the happiest production of the eminent artist, Moreton Hale.

But when offers were made to purchase the painting, Mr. Hale refused to sell it.

It was sent home from the exhibition, and although Mrs. Hale offered the best place in the drawing-room to hang it, Moreton would have it nowhere but in his studio, facing his easel.

He would dream over it by the hour, too, one day, writing to his friend at Graville to ask all he could tell him of the original.

The answer was discouraging.

"The lady was a cousin of Mrs. Cope's, who was living there for the summer. I have no idea where any of them are."

So "Wild Roses" seemed destined to remain only an artist's dream.

"I might find her in London. She was rich, whoever she was—her dress proved that."

But summer came, and when the city became too close for his mother and sisters, rooms were taken at Hastings for the season.

The recent mourning kept the ladies secluded, but one evening Moreton looked in at an open window upon a ball room.

Suddenly he started, and grasping the arm of one of his companions, asked—

"Who is the lady in white standing beside the vase of flowers?—the one with a white feather fan."

"The blonde?"

"Yes."

"That is Miss Ellen Cope. Shall I introduce you?"

"I am not presentable; but if you will wait till I run back for a dress suit——"

"Certainly. I am attending my cousins, and cannot escape till the small hours."

Back home, into a dress suit, down to the house, to find Miss Cope had left the ball-room.

"A Will-o'-wisp," Moreton sighed, after a vain search for the white-robed damsel. "I will surely find her to-morrow."

But to-morrow was again fatal.

Miss Cope had come to the ball only, was not remaining with her aunt.

It was some comfort, however, to be introduced to the aunt.

The second winter wore away, and "Wild Roses" was but a dream still.

In the spring, Mrs. Hale suddenly declared her intention of going abroad for a few months, and chatting over the matter with Moreton, proposed to him to advertise for a companion.

"I cannot go alone, and the girls cannot come," the lady said; "so I mean to find a pleasant young companion."

But the applicants who presented themselves were of the teacher persuasion, one and all.

"I do not want a governess or a private secretary," Mrs. Hale said, "and none of the answering parties suit me."

It was discouraging; but one evening when Moreton came home, he found his mother in a state of perfect content.

"I have engaged my companion, Moreton," she said, "and who do you suppose it is?"

"Cannot imagine."

"A niece of Mrs. Julius Cope, the lady you were introduced to last summer. Poor thing, she is dead."

"Dead!" Moreton cried, greatly shocked.

"Yes, and her niece is here with an aunt of her mother's."

"But I do not understand."

"Miss Cope explained it all to me, when she found I knew her aunt. She is a niece of Mr. Cope's, who died five years ago, bankrupt. His widow soon after inherited a large estate from an uncle, and she kept Ellen, her husband's niece, with her. She was very fond of her, treating her in all respects like her own child, dressing her richly, and giving her the best education money could procure.

"Miss Cope says she is quite sure her aunt intended to remember her in her will, but she died suddenly without making any disposition of her property. The children were taken by relatives, and Miss Ellen came to her mother's sister.

"But she is anxious to earn her own living, as her aunt has a large family and a small income, so she answered my advertisement. I am charmed with her! It is odd, too, that her face seems familiar, though I am quite sure I never saw her before."

"Very odd!" Moreton said, smiling.

And Mrs. Hale decided that it was very odd that Moreton never told her of his intention of accompanying her abroad until three days before they sailed.

How the wooing of the gentle, lovely blonde sped in the long voyage, the many courtesies of a traveling party, the romantic positions in foreign climes, it would take too long to tell.

Moreton having been three years abroad while studying his art, proved an invaluable escort, and while his mother loudly wondered how they ever could have managed without him, sweet Nellie Cope asked her own heart what her life would be when Mrs. Hale no longer needed a companion.

By tender regard for her recent affliction, by delicate courtesy and quiet attention, Moreton gently paved the way to the shy, trustful heart, till his question on the homeward-bound steamer, if Nellie would share his life and home, met a glad, yet timid, reply, that gave him assurance that his heart had been no false prophet when it kept true so long to the ideal of his dreams.

Mrs. Hale was delighted.

If, she declared, she had had her choice for Moreton's wife, of all the girls she had ever known, she would have chosen sweet Nellie Cope.

The afternoon sunlight gleamed in at the open window, and struck upon a large painting facing them.

Nellie started, with a puzzled expression upon her face.

"Why, Moreton, it is like looking in a mirror! It is so like me."

"It should be."

"Why?"

"You sat for it."

"I sat for it?"

"Three years ago at Graville. Do you remember telling the story of Rosina, one July day?"

"I do remember now. And the children would decorate me with wild roses. But where were you?"

"Hidden among the trees stealing the picture I have carried in my heart ever since that day. Did you guess I had loved you so long, my own wild rose?"

What Nellie answered, lovers will have no trouble guessing.

But in the home of Moreton Hale there is a picture upon the wall of the drawing-room that Mrs. Hale's friends pronounce a most exquisite, artistic, life-like portrait of the artist's wife, though there are some older friends of Mr. Hale who recognize it as "that picture that was so much admired at the exhibition, called 'Wild Roses.'"

THE clock in Trinity Church tower is the heaviest in America.

SIXTY YEARS TO-DAY.

BY MRS. MARY E. EARL.

Your age is sixty years to-day—
O, can it be threescore?
While yet your footsteps linger near
To summer's golden shore.

Your throbbing heart is looking back
To memories far away,
For joy to crown the gathered sheaves
You garner up to-day.

You see the pretty woodland cot
When you became a bride,
And joy! a proud and manly form
Is waiting by your side.

Then life was draped with flower and vine
And heaven was all aglow—
For how could you the path divine,
The path you did not know.

And if perchance a darksome cloud
Should linger in your sky,
You know the rainbow arch of love
Was always very nigh.

Like brooklet from the mountain side
Your soul was full of song,
And thus from noon till eventide,
You merrily dance along.

But threescore years have come and gone,
And through the buried years,
The seed that yielded richest fruit,
Was watered with your tears;

And you have learned that life is good
And Heaven is always nigh
If we but turn from earthly cares
And look toward the sky.

MEMORIALS AND MEMENTOES.

COMMENTING on the honor paid by the Athenians to a dog that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, Pope says: "This respect to a dog in the most polite people of the world is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog, though we have but few such, is, that the chief order of Denmark—now called the Order of the Elephant—was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog named Wild-brat to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects. He gave his order this motto, or to this effect, (which still remains): 'Wild-brat was faithful.'"

Had Pope been writing half a dozen years later, he need not have gone to Denmark for a modern instance of gratitude to a dog. Mr. Robert—afterwards Viscount—Molesworth being prevented from entering a stable by his favorite greyhound pulling him away by his coat-lappet, ordered a footman to examine the place. On opening the door the man was shot dead by a hidden robber.

The faithful hound afterwards died in London, and his master sent his body to Yorkshire, to be inurned in Edlington Wood, near Doncaster; the receptacle of his remains bears an inscription in Latin, which has been thus translated:

"Stay, traveler! Nor wonder that a lamented Dog is thus interred with funeral honor. But, ah! what a Dog! His beautiful form and snow-white color; pleasing manners and sportive playfulness; his affection, obedience, and fidelity, made him the delight of his master, to whom he closely adhered with his eager companions of the chase, delighted in attending him. He would assume fresh spirit and animation when the mind of his lord was depressed. A master, not ungrateful for his merits, has here, in tears, deposited his remains in this marble urn.—M. F. C., 1714."

An Italian greyhound, buried in Earl Temple's garden at Stowe, had never saved his master's life, but was nevertheless held worthy of a memorial stone, bearing the following epitaph:

"To the Memory of Signor Fido—An Italian of good extraction, who came to England not to bite us, like most of his countrymen, but to gain an honest livelihood. He hunted not for fame, yet acquired it; regardless of the praise of his friends, but most sensible of their love. Though he lived among the great, he neither learned nor flattered any vice. He was no bigot, though he doubted of none of the Thirty-nine Articles. And if to follow Nature and to respect the laws of Society be philosophical, he was a perfect philosopher, a faithful friend, an agreeable companion, a loving husband, distinguished by a numerous offspring, all of which he lived to see take good courses. In his old age, he retired to the home of a clergyman in the country, where he finished his earthly race, and died an honor and an example to his species. Reader—This stone is guiltless of flattery, for he to whom it is inscribed was not a Man, but a Greyhound."

A small Scotch terrier, in 1868, followed his master's coffin to the churchyard of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, heedless of the notice forbidding entrance to dogs.

The morning after the funeral Jimmy was found lying on the newly-made mound. He was turned out of the churchyard; but the next morning saw him upon the grave, and the next, and the next.

Taking pity on the forlorn little creature, the custodian of the burial ground gave him some food. From that time Jimmy considered himself privileged, and was constantly in and about the churchyard, only leaving it at noon to get a meal at the expense of a kind-hearted restaurant-keeper; but every night was passed upon the spot holding his master.

Many were the attempts to get him to transfer allegiance from the dead to the living; but none availed. As long as life lasted, and it lasted four years, Jimmy stayed by, or in the immediate neighborhood of his master's grave.

Such fidelity, unexampled even in his faithful race, deserved to be kept in remembrance; and, thanks to the most munificent of Lady Bountifuls, his memory is kept green by his counterfeit presentment on a drinking-fountain of granite, as "a tribute to Greyfriars Jimmy. In 1868 the faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriars Churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872."

Grains of Gold.

Work and relaxation are both means to the same great end—the perfection of individual happiness and national welfare.

An old philosopher remarks: "It is singular that everybody knows what good counsel is except those who have need of it."

The prayer of a selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes every person that owes him pay to the utmost cent.

To grow old is quite natural; being natural, it is beautiful: and if we grumble at it we miss the lesson, and lose all the beauty.

Feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want: and it is worth while to feel it a little in order to feel the relief from it.

When we find that we are not liked, we assert that we are not understood; when probably the dislike we have excited proceeds from our being too fully comprehended.

Meekness holds the heart in poise so that all the faculties set toward a brother man in a loving, Christian way, and so he is won and conquered out of the evil into good.

Every street has two sides—the shady and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man.

We have fewer enemies than we imagine; many are too indolent to care at all about us, and if the stream of censure is running against us, the world is too careless to oppose it.

The less of a man a person is, the more he makes of an injury or an insult. The more of a man he is, the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause.

The paramount virtue of religion is that it has lighted up morality, that it has supplied the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the ordinary man along the narrow way.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be, as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; if they are real wants they will come home in search of you.

A flippant, frivolous man may ridicule others, may controvert them, scorn them; but he who has any respect for himself, seems to have renounced the right of thinking meanly of others.

If you would be happy, try to be cheerful, even when misfortune assails you. You will soon find that there is a pleasant aspect to nearly all circumstances—to even the severest trials of life.

Never be ashamed to confess your ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is a mere nothing in comparison to what he does not know.

There is a niche for every one with an earnest purpose to glorify God. There may be work as a teacher, or the consecration of social influence, or the simple manifestation of the grades of Christian character.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a dream of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours.

Homes are like harps, of which one is finely carved, and bright with gilding, but ill-toned and jarring the air with its discords, while another is old, plain and worn, but from its chords float strains that are a feast of music.

The mere disposition to follow right, and avoid wrong, however sincere and earnest it may be, is not all that is required. The reason must be brought to bear upon and direct this disposition—in other words, the conscience must be taught to discriminate intelligently.

Femininities.

One keep-clean is worth a dozen make-cleans.

The moon is a sort of matrimonial overseer. She is mistress of the tied.

Women are the funniest when they say nothing; but women are so seldom funny.

There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home.

"There is a ring in those tones," shouted the girl who had been listening to the sweet whispers of her lover.

A little child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children," it must mean dolls.

Finger-marks can be removed from wall-paper by rubbing them with a crust of bread. Rye or brown bread is best.

A story-writer has finished a sketch called "Lifted Out of Herself." Probably the young lady went yachting and got sea-sick.

A potato, with one end cut off, is better than a rag for scouring the knives. A thin shave must be taken off each time, to give a moist surface.

The exclusive use of tea, as a diet, for three weeks, has reduced the weight of a New York woman thirty pounds. She formerly weighed two hundred pounds, and, although she resumed her regular diet, has not regained her lost flesh.

They say if a young lady finds a four-leaved clover she will marry before the year is out. We know a young lady who has had the good luck to find from one to six for the ten past summers, and she is ready for another lone search next summer.

Five Bedford, Pa., women, four of whom are grandmothers, have set an example to their sex, by walking from Bedford to Everett, eight miles, in three hours. If more Americans would walk like these, more of them would be likely to live to be grandmothers.

It is remarkable that the two greatest men of all times, Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte, could not regulate or control their own wives, and they had six between them. This would seem to show that it is easier to govern the world than one's own household.

She: "Do you try to observe the golden rule?" "Yes, indeed; do you?" She: "I always try to do as I would be done by, but I sometimes fail." He: "Indeed—why?" She: "I am not tall enough to reach." No cards, no cake, nobody's business.

Queen Mary of England—that Mary who reigned jointly with William of Orange, until cut off by the smallpox—once wrote to a friend about her forthcoming "crown-a-tion," for coronation, and the letter exposing the royal blunder can still be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

A new disease called bundle paralysis broke out, and became pretty virulent before Christmas. It attacks a business man whose wife has been down town shopping, and has ordered the purchases left at his office in the expectation that he will bring them home at night. A word to the wives is sufficient.

Teacher—"If it takes one servant nine hours to do the entire housework of a family, how long will it take three persons to do it?" Little Eva—"Oh, I can answer that! I heard mamma speak of it this morning." Teacher—"Well, how long will it take them?" Little Eva—"Why, three times as long."

A blind man was sitting in company with some visitors, when one of the company left the room. "What white teeth that lady has!" said the blind man. "Why," said a friend, in great surprise, "how can you tell?" "Because," answered the blind man, "for the last hour she has done nothing but laugh."

True taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to a few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means; while false taste is forever sighing after the new and rare, and reminds us in her works of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.

A woman never grows so tired or so old as to lose all interest in the affairs of love. If she has never loved, she expects to love. If she loves not now, she has loved in the past, so that love is always in her experience, her hope or her memory. Love is, in her grammar, ever an active verb, whether in the present, preterite or future tense.

"Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who was preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the age of twenty-four years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

To women jurors' general ability, a letter from Washington Territory thus testifies: "I have been serving on a jury, three ladies serving at the same time, and I do not hesitate to say that they were more than competent, exceedingly bright, and gave their decisions and reasons with a force that would have done great credit to any of the lords of creation."

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit:
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

A Camden young man had been boring a young lady with his attentions for some time past, although on various and sundry occasions she had given him to understand that he was distasteful to her. A few evenings ago he assured her that he was anxious to fulfil her every wish. "Is it really a fact that you will do whatever I ask of you?" "Your slightest wish is law. Command me and I obey." "Well, then, I wish you would see if you can induce my mother to marry you. She is a widow, and is not as particular about whom she marries as I am."

News Notes.

Train-robbing is punishable by death in Arkansas.

China began the use of postal cards on January 1.

Three-cent car fares is a popular demand just now in Cleveland.

The numerous lynchings in Arkansas are ruining the sheriff's business.

A Long Island man died the other day from grief at the loss of his favorite dog.

Texas had but five daily papers fifteen years ago, and now twenty-nine are published in that State.

The first billiard table ever set up in Carter county, Missouri, was taken there one day last week.

Ralls county, Missouri, boasts of a thirteen-months-old child with no less than three distinct heads.

At a book sale in London, the other day, a "Psalmorum Codex," printed in 1458, brought $24,750.

In the iron trades in Great Britain wages have been reduced 20 per cent. in the past twelve months.

A society in New York city, headed by Rev. J. J. Kaap, has for its object the eradication of profanity.

The electricians are getting up a new word, the "motoneer," for the man who attends to the motor.

The snow storm in Portland, Oregon, recently, was the worst one known in that section for thirty years.

The deposits in Massachusetts savings banks have increased over ten million dollars during the past year.

The prisons in Austria are to be lighted with electricity, if experiments now in progress turn out favorably.

A walnut crop, picked from seventeen acres, in Los Angeles, Cal., has brought the owner $5,700 this season.

An eagle that died in Vienna not long ago is said to have been in captivity for a period of not less than 115 years.

The Ottoman Empire is about to take a census, and, oddly enough, proposes to let the job out to the lowest bidder.

London is once more protesting vigorously against the incessant ringing of church bells and the ding-dong of clocks.

Telephonic conversation has recently been successfully carried on between St. Petersburg and Boulogne, a distance of 2485 miles.

A New Yorker has been found who becomes insane regularly every Christmas-time. The wonder is, there isn't more people like him.

Many show windows that are always clear of steam or frost in winter, are said to owe their exemption to a judicious application of glycerine.

The waters of St. Mark's river and bay, in Florida, are said to be so phosphorescent that at night the bottom can be plainly seen by a person in a boat.

Experiments have been made with the pulp of the Florida banana, and the result is that from it can be obtained a splendid quality of paper and rope.

A Connecticut switchman discharged recently for leaving a switch open and thus derailing a train, died insane a few days ago from brooding over the affair.

Each visitor to the World's Exposition is required to deposit a silver half dollar in a glass box in charge of the doorkeepers, no admission tickets being sold.

One of the great curiosities in Japan for the stranger is the wonderful variety of coins that are used daily. In some instances it takes four pieces to make a dollar.

Some inventors, after all, get the benefit of their ingenuity. Sir Henry Bessemer holds 114 patents. One of them has paid him $500,000 annually for twenty years.

An iron passenger elevator tower 1,000 feet in height is to be erected in the grounds of the French Exhibition in 1889. This will considerably overtop the Washington Monument.

A Mrs. Lord, who died recently at North Berwick, Me., at the age of 80 years, is said never to have seen a train of cars until four years ago, though residing within eight miles of a railroad.

An old frame railroad station, two stories high, was recently moved from Verner Station (near Pittsburg) to Jack's Run (about a mile), a powerful locomotive pushing it the entire distance over the rails.

Mrs. Rebecca Schultz died at Oakland, Cal., recently, of lockjaw, caused by a piece of a porcelain kettle which she was cleaning slipping under her finger-nail. She was only sick for about four days.

Eighteen karat gold is worth about $18 an ounce. The last importation of cocaine cost $5 a gramme, or $194 an ounce. An apothecary's pound of this substance would, therefore, cost something over $3,300.

A dog got in among the machinery of the clock in the city hall at Trenton, N. J., the other day, and prevented it from being as striking an attraction as usual. The silence of the bell led to an examination, and the animal was extricated.

In behalf of the industrial classes, one of the French societies has recommended the abolishment of the circular saw, whenever practicable, on account of the danger to workmen, the extra force required and the greater amount of waste.

A telephone transmitter is to be placed in Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, on the case of the keyboard of the organ, in front of the pulpit platform. Wires will be run to the houses of members desirous of hearing the sermon without going to the church.

MY NEIGHBOR'S CONSCIENCE.

I HAVE been discovering that I have two consciences. One takes thought for my own conduct, my own trespasses, my own shortcomings; the other concerns itself with my neighbor's duty, his sins and his defects.

The former is mild and gentle, easy to be entreated, ready to listen to excuses; the latter is very clear-sighted, sternly just, speaking in loud, determined tones.

Sometimes my own private monitor leaves me in doubt upon certain points, especially those about which my inclination happens to be pretty strong; but as to questions concerning my neighbor's conduct, I seldom feel much difficulty.

I see his duty to his wife, to his children, to his creditors, very clearly indeed.

It troubles me that he is so obstinate—he will not see the path before him as he ought.

Especially on those occasions on which I have listened, the voice of my own conscience speaks with wonderful power.

There are a good many people who fall into the same mistake. In fact some folk set themselves up to be censors and advisors to the whole circle of their acquaintance. They are never tired of lecturing them upon the management of their children, the treatment of their servants, and so forth; and the curious thing is, that want of experience seems no impediment to those self-constituted mentors.

"Maidens' bairns are weel guided," says the Scotch proverb; and few things are more provoking to the anxious, struggling mother of a family, conscious enough, perhaps, of her own and her children's shortcomings, than to have hints continually poked at her by those who have not known a tenth part of the difficulties.

"Judge not" is, after all the only safe rule.

We see the fault, but we do not see all or one quarter of the surrounding circumstances—the temptations, the struggles, the difficulties; it may be, the necessities—which lead our neighbor to take a course which we condemn.

Even if there is no excuse to be made for the offender, no man has been elevated to the throne of judgment.

Many an old friendship has been spoiled by an ill-timed criticism. When advice or warning has to be given, it seldom comes with effect unless from one who stands more or less in the place of a parent, or from one who gives it with a painful effort. Even then, the best way to offer it is by deeds, not by words; by some little unpretending silent effort to remedy the evil. Even in this, great care must be taken not to wound our neighbors' sensibilities. Nothing is more hateful than officiousness.

I think my experience has taught me that advice as to our neighbors' affairs, which is a pleasure to us to give, and costs no embarrassing struggle to offer, is almost always worse than useless.

The fact is, the less we attend to that spurious and meddlesome conscience that looks after other people's duty and other people's short-comings, the more we get into the habit of recalling some of our own favorite delinquencies when that false conscience speaks, the better it will be for us.

In no case does the blackness of the kettle improve the complexion of the pot, and our own faults are not excused because those of our neighbors are of deeper dye.

There is but little use in denying that wrong is wrong wherever we meet with it; but we are not always on that account called upon to pass judgment upon the offenders. The man of whom it can be said that he

> "Delves his own furrer as straight as he can,
> An' intar nobody's inter-patch pokes,"

is a man of sense. It is easy to preach eloquently about other folk's misdeeds; when we make our own faults the theme, the sermons are shorter.

"NOBODIES."—Almost all the rich and famous men of New York began life as nobodies. Charles P. Daly was an apprentice to a quill-pen cutter, Roswell P. Flower was a farm laborer at $1 a day, August Belmont was an apprentice at nothing a year and boarded himself, Grover Cleveland was a clerk in New York City at $4 a week, Clark Bell was a blacksmith's apprentice and could scarcely lift the hammer, Henry E. Abbey failed in the jewelry business, A. B. Cornell was a telegraph operator for Morse, George William Curtis was a clerk at $3 a week, Charles A. Dana was a farm boy, Chauncey Depew, like Thurlow Weed, was a cabin-boy on the North River, and in the line of promotion to a skipper; Edison was a newsboy, Gould and Grant were tanners, John Kelly was a grate-setter, Dan Sickles was a type-setter, and Rufus Hatch and Russell Sage were farm hands.

ANIMAL FOOD.—Roots, carrots or other roots may be reduced to a pulp in extreme cases for animals that cannot masticate and swallow rough food. Let the roots be boiled, worked through a colander, some wheat flour or oatmeal added, with enough water to bring it to a proper consistency for the animal to drink. A little fresh grass may also be finally cut and mingled with the mass, or any other substance that may be suitable.

"Do you know," remarked a prominent gentleman to us a few days ago, "Dr Bull's Cough Syrup is really a good thing. My daughter would have me use it for a bad cough and it did cure me."

ONLY A PIN.

Only a pin!
And it calmly lay
In the shining light
Of a bright noonday.

Only a boy—
He saw that pin,
And fixed on it a look intent,
Till boy and pin alike were bent.

Only a chair—
It had no badness there,
The boy he put on a fiendish grin,
And on the seat of that chair he fixed that pin.

Only a yell!
But an honest one:
It lacked all elements of fun,
And man and boy, and pin and chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.

—S. T. OLEN.

Humorous.

Yellow is now the fashionable shade. This will make twenty-dollar gold pieces very stylish.

A young lady calls her beau "Honeysuckle," because he is always hanging over the front railings.

Why should a man never marry a woman named Ellen? Because in so doing he rings his (K)nell.

Why does a person who is out of health partly lose his sense of touch? Because he doesn't feel well.

It has been remarked that some give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.

"The evils that men do live after them." Even when an amateur cornetist dies he leaves the fatal instrument.

Why is it that ladies are so changeable with respect to their sweethearts? They are always wishing to alter them.

Some malicious persons assert that the letters M. D., which are placed after physicians' names means Money Down.

True benevolence is a widespread virtue, for what man is there among us who does not begin each day by clothing the naked and feeding the hungry?

"You want to aim very low when you are hunting bison," said an old hunter. "How low?" asked a tenderfoot. "Buffalo," replied the hunter without a struggle.

A servant girl, a year over, was given macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing her surprise, the lady said, "Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?" "Quick it? We used them things to light the gas with."

WORTHY
Of Confidence.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla is a medicine that, during nearly 40 years, in all parts of the world, has proved its efficacy as the best blood alterative known to medical science.

SARSAPARILLA (extracted from the root of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla) is its base, and its powers are enhanced by the extracts of Yellow Dock and Stillingia, the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and other potent ingredients.

IS your blood vitiated by derangements of the digestive and assimilatory functions? is it tainted by Scrofula? or does it contain the poison of Mercury or Contagious Disease?

THE leading physicians of the United States, who know the composition of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, say that nothing else so good for the purification of the blood is within the range of pharmacy.

ONLY by the use of this remedy is it possible for a person who has corrupted blood to attain sound health and prevent transmission of the destructive taint to posterity.

THOROUGHLY effective renovation of the system must include not only the removal of corruption from the blood, but its enrichment and the strengthening of the vital organs.

RELIABLE witnesses, all over the world, testify that this work is better accomplished by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA than by any other remedy.

BLOOD that is corrupted through disease is made pure, and blood weakened through diminution of the red corpuscles is made strong, by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

PURIFYING the blood and building up the system require time in serious cases, but benefit will be derived from the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA more speedily than from anything else.

MEDICINE for which like effects are falsely claimed, is abundant in the market, under many names, but the only preparation that has stood the test of time, and proved worthy of the world's confidence, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists: Price 1; six bottles for $5.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Sore Throat,
Inflammation,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the first,

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SKIN DISEASES,

Humors and Sores

Of all kinds, particularly Chronic Diseases of the Skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 30, 40 and 50 years of age, by

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen, RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA.

Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, Pain after Eating,—giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren Street, New York.**

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

MUSIC
FOR ALL.
ONE HUNDRED
Of the Most Popular Songs,
—Music and Words,—
FOR
Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address.

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AGENTS WANTED.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

TREASURE HOUSE of Useful Knowledge. Write for terms. $5 to $15 a day. Name this paper. H. M. BROCKSTEDT, Box 320, St. Louis, Mo.

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CHESTNUT ST.,
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Premier Artist
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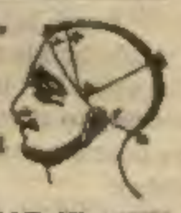


Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER YEN TILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

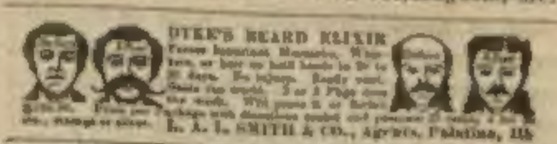
He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

WANTED A WOMAN
of sense, energy and respectability for our business in her locality. SALARY $35 to $50; reference exch'd. GAY BROS., 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

DIVORCES ABSOLUTE DIVORCES without publicity for persons residing throughout the United States, for desertion, non-support, intemperance, cruelty, incompatibility, etc. Advice free. State your case and address Attorney Ward, World Building, 220 Broadway, N. Y.

A Prize Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.



WANTED—LADIES OR GENTLEMEN to take light, pleasant work at their own homes (distance no objection). Work sent by mail. $2 to $5 a day can be quietly made. No canvassing. Please address Globe Manuf'g Co., Boston, Mass., Box 1344.

SALARY Paid Local or Traveling Salesmen to sell our Kitchen Specialties to the trade. State salary wanted and address The Clipper Mfg. Co. Limited, Cincinnati, O.

Free TRIAL. Send for NERVITA, a certain cure for NERVOUS DISEASES, Lost Manhood, Exhaustive Drains, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lack of Nerve Force, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Impaired Memory, Wakefulness, Nervousness caused by the use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor, Headache, Neuralgia, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration, Paralysis, Fits, Epilepsy, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Sexual Debility, Impaired Vitality, Premature Decay, Wasting Diseases, Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Discharges, Spermatic Losses, Impaired Functions, Wasting of the Organs, Failing Power, Organic Weakness, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, Loss of Power, Lumbago, Nervous Debility, Mental Anxiety, Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Impoverished Blood, Hot Flashes, Sallow Complexion, Eruptions on the Face, Pimples, Blotches, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Sick Headache, Nervous Headache

Facetiæ.

When would iron do to make sausages of? When it is pig-iron.

What makes everybody sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

When do butchers rob themselves? When they steel their own knives.

Why is a shoe like a general servant? Because it's made of awl work.

What cardinal virtue does water represent when frozen? Just-ice.

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose? It is read to the very end.

Red is the natural color of a young baby, but afterward it becomes a yeller.

Men are like wagons—they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them.

What young ladies are most likely to become thieves? Those who take to steel buttons.

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy? Because it's a hiding of the sun.

"What is laughter?" asks a philosopher? It is the sound that you hear when your hat blows off.

Don't fret if "you cannot go into society." The oyster is often present at a supper when he would perhaps prefer being at home in bed.

Good Resolutions.

The close of the old year and the beginning of the new is a fitting time for reflection. The thoughtful will ask themselves what mistakes or blunders they have committed, and how they might have bettered their morals, their health, or their fortune. And they will resolve, with the help that comes to them who help themselves, to avoid the errors, the follies or frailties of the past, and assume and practice the good and prudent in the future.

At the foundation of all success, as of all progress, there must be good health. Success cannot be expected without it, nor without it can it be enjoyed if attained. How to attain and preserve it for ourselves and family is the fairest element of success. A sick wife or child is like a lame horse in the team, you can only make slow progress. A practical man said recently, and after many years of experience and observation, "I find but three things necessary for the health of myself and family, and these three things have served me and mine for now more than thirty years, and they have kept us all in good health and vigor, and made us the envy of our circle of acquaintances. They are—temperance in eating and drinking, moderation in exposure and labor, and Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics.—New York Tribune.

For cleansing the throat and strengthening the voice, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable to singers and public speakers.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

—THE MILD POWER CURES.—

HUMPHREYS'

In use 30 years.—Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician. **Simple, Safe and Sure.**

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	**Fevers**, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	**Worms**, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	**Crying Colic**, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	**Diarrhea** of Children or Adults	.25
5	**Dysentery**, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	**Cholera Morbus**, Vomiting	.25
7	**Coughs**, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	**Neuralgia**, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	**Headaches**, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia**, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	**Suppressed or Painful Periods**	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

12	**Whites**, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	**Croup**, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	**Salt Rheum**, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
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16	**Fever and Ague**, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	**Piles**, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19	**Catarrh**, acute or chronic; Influenza	.50
20	**Whooping Cough**, Violent Coughs	.50
24	**General Debility**, Phys'l Weakness	.50
27	**Kidney Disease**	.50
28	**Nervous Debility**	1.00
30	**Urinary Weakness**, Wetting Bed	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart**, Palpitation	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Send for **Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease, &c.** (144 pages); also, **Catalogue, free.** — Address, **HUMPHREYS' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton st., New York.**

100,000 ROYAL PRESENTS!! AND A Long Loan at 4 Per Cent.

THE publisher of the **ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST** desires to secure 100,000 more subscribers. For 50 cents we will mail you our paper 6 months on trial, and immediately send you a numbered Receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following presents. Its circulation is now 55,000. Only 45,000 more needed before the Distribution takes place, **March 15, 1885.** All these presents will be given to these new 100,000 subscribers.

PARTIAL LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY:

10 Cash presents of $1,000 each; 10 U. S. Bonds, $500 each; 10 U. S. Greenbacks, $100 each; 100 U. S. Greenbacks, $10 each; 1,000 cash Presents of $1 each; 1 Grand Square Piano; 1 Grand Cabinet Organ; 100 Ladies' Gold Watches, $40 each; 100 Silver Hunting-Case Watches, $20 each; 100 Stem-Winding Nickel-Case Watches, $5 each; 50 Ladies' Chatelaine Watches, $10 each; 50 Boys' Silver Watches, $10 each; 200 Waterbury Watches, $3.50 each; 50 Ladies' Gold Neck Chains, $15 each; 50 Gents' Gold Chains, $25 each; 20 Ladies' Gold Bracelets, $15 each; 10 Silver Dinner Services, $100 each; 10 Silver Tea Sets, $60 each; 10 Sets Parlor Furniture, $100 each; 500 Solid Gold Rings, $3 each; 500 Sets Solid Silver Teaspoons, 6 to a set; 5 Bicycles, $90 each; 1 matched pair Trotting Horses, $1,000; 500 pairs Ladies' Roller Skates; 500 pairs Boys' Roller Skates; and hundreds of other useful and valuable presents, which we can not enumerate here. All the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner. Presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Every person sending us 50 cents for a 6-months' trial subscription to our paper is also privileged to apply for a loan, to be made out of advertising profits, the amount borrowed being permitted to remain unpaid as long as the borrower remains a subscriber and keeps the interest paid.

With 100,000 circulation (which will probably be doubled) our profits will approximate as follows: **RECEIPTS:**—100,000 yearly subscribers, $100,000; 1,000 inches advertising, $1 per line, $14 per inch, 12 issues, $168,000; total, $268,000. **EXPENSES:**—For paper and press work, 100,000 copies, 12 issues, $60,000; editorial work, office, repairs, etc., $10,000; 100,000 Presents, $40,000; total, $110,000; leaving a net profit of $158,000. For this enormous profit for sale of advertising space the **ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST** depends on its 100,000 subscribers, for advertisers pay for space in proportion to circulation. With but 2,000 circulation the profits would be but a tenth of the amount. Therefore as subscribers are doing us a favor when they send us their names, we desire to return favor for favor. Any subscriber who desires to borrow from $100 to $500 at 4 per cent., the principal to stand if desired, as long as the borrower remains a subscriber, should so state when he sends us 50 cents for a 6-months' trial subscription to our paper.

CONDITIONS: Loans made pro rata, not less than $100 nor more than $500. First year's interest at 4 per cent. to be deducted from amount loaned. Your individual note is all the security asked, provided you will send the names of several of your neighbors to whom we can refer—not as to the amount of property you are worth but as to your good character. Every subscriber must positively agree to show the paper and present to his friends and neighbors. When a loan is made, the adjoining form of note will be sent with the money to the subscriber's nearest bank or express office, and no note need be signed until the money is paid over. Send the names of several references, and immediate inquiry will be made. If no loan is desired, no references need be sent.

> One year after date, for value received, I promise to pay to the order of the publisher of *Illinois Agriculturist* the sum of ..... dollars, with interest at 4 per cent. per annum after maturity. It is understood and agreed that no part of the principal of this note will be demanded or become payable (except at my pleasure), as long as I remain a paid-up subscriber to the above named paper.
>
> (Signed) .....

900 GOLD WATCHES FREE!

WHO WILL SEND THE QUICKEST!

In making up the above list of presents, we decided to reserve $2,000 to be divided equally among the first 900 subscribers received. If you send 50 cents you will be entitled to *one receipt* good for *one present*, and if your letter is among the first 900 received you will also be entitled to a beautiful gold watch. The watch is one-third larger than the picture. We will send a printed list of the awards, free, and all presents will be forwarded to holders of receipts as they may direct. A list of watch winners will be published in our paper. The 50 cents you send us is the regular price for 6 months, therefore you pay nothing for the present. Subscribe at once. Don't wait a day. We will send you the paper one year and 3 numbered receipts good for 3 presents, if you send us **$1.** Get five friends to join you, and send $2.50, and we will send the paper 6 months and 1 numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and 1 extra for your trouble. No postponement. Send 10 subscribers, with $5, and we will send you 12 subscriptions and 13 receipts. This offer is good only until **March 15, 1885.** We have 55,000 subscribers already, and only require 45,000 more to have the desired number. Our old patrons and subscribers, whom we number by thousands, should go to work at once and help us increase our list by this grand and generous offer.

ONLY 50 CENTS Secures our paper 6 months on trial and one receipt good for one present. **As to our reliability, we refer to any Bank or Mercantile Agency.** Remember these are presents to our subscribers, given to them absolutely free. This is a chance of a lifetime, *the true pathway to your future fortune. Every subscriber get a prize. A fortune may be yours if you will but stretch forth your hand to receive it.* It costs only 50 cents to try—*is it possible you will let it pass?* Postage stamps taken from places where a Postal Note can not be obtained. Remit by Postal Note, plain envelope or express. Address **ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST, (D) 162 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.**

150,000 PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY!!! OUR ANNUAL AWARD.

THIS OFFER HOLDS GOOD TILL MARCH 4th.

The most magnificent offer ever made by a reliable publisher. THIS IS A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME FOR YOU. The proprietor of THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION has determined to outdo all former efforts to outdo every other publisher by giving one of the following grand presents to every one who subscribes between NOW AND MARCH 4th. FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS we will enter your name on our books and mail to you regularly The ILLUSTRATED COMPANION for three months and immediately forward you a Numbered Receipt for the same which will entitle you to one of the following magnificent presents.

PARTIAL LIST OF PRESENTS.

1 Grand Capital Present of $1,000 cash. 1 Cash Present of $3,000. 1 Cash Present $2,000. 5 Cash Presents of $1000 each. 5 $500 Government Bonds. 50 One Hundred Dollar Greenbacks. 10 Cash Presents of $50 each. 8 Elegant Upright Pianos. 6 Elegant Cabinet Organs. 25 Sewing Machines. 20 Gents' Solid Gold Watches. 30 Ladies' Solid Gold Watches. 20 Beautiful Diamond Rings. 20 Gents' Solid Silver Watches. 25 Ladies' Chatelaine Watches. 30 Boys' Silver Watches. 100 Waterbury Watches. 20 Gents' Solid Gold Chains. 20 Ladies' Gold Neck Chains. 20 Solid Gold Bracelets. 10 Elegant Bicycles. 6 Silver Tea Sets. 5 Sets Parlor Furniture. 500 Pair Roller Skates. 500 Two-Dollar Greenbacks. 500 One-Dollar Greenbacks. 500 Magic Lanterns. 500 Boys' Pocket Knives. 500 Ladies' Pocket Knives. 500 Solid Gold Rings. 1000 Autograph Albums, and the balance in very useful and valuable presents ranging in value from 15 cents to $1.00. The award will be made in a perfectly fair and impartial manner. YOU ARE SURE TO GET SOMETHING and HAVE A CHANCE to get one of the most valuable presents. The regular subscription price of the COMPANION is 25 cents for three months, 50 cents for six months, $1.00 for twelve months, without present or premium, but in order to secure the 150,000 subscriptions at once we make the following Unparalleled Offer, which will be carried out to the letter.

SHALL THE $4,000 BE YOURS!

FOR 25 CENTS we will send you The Illustrated Companion for three months and one numbered receipt, good for one present. For 50 cents we will send the paper six months and TWO numbered receipts good for two presents. For $1 will send paper One Year and Four numbered receipts good for Four presents.

A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO YOU! If you will Cut this Advertisement out and show it to your friends, acquaintances and neighbors, and get five to subscribe for three months, and send us $1.25, we will send your subscription free and one numbered receipt; get ten to subscribe and we will send you two numbered receipts and the COMPANION for six months; get twenty to subscribe for three months and we will send you the COMPANION one year, and Four numbered receipts, good for Four Presents. A few hours' work will give you a subscription free and a chance to win one of the most valuable Presents.

THIS SOLID GOLD WATCH IS YOURS.

If you are among the first 900 persons who answer this advertisement you will get free one of these Ladies' Solid Gold Watches. There are 900 of them and they are first-class in every respect and the cases are beautifully ornamented. They will be given out at once to the first 900 subscribers. By receiving immediately you may be one of the lucky ones and get this beautiful Watch for your Mother, yourself or your girl.

ONLY 25 CENTS! Think of the chance it gives you to get a watch, and to share in the award of MARCH 4th. If you take a year's subscription your FOUR RECEIPTS might all be among the FIRST 900. Send Postal Notes when you can get them. Stamps and silver will be taken for small sums. Address,

THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION, 250 Fourth St., Louisville, Kentucky.

Remember, the above Presents are given absolutely free. Cut this out and show it to your friends and neighbors.

IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

FREE TO ANY

reader of this paper who will send us 25c. to help pay necessary expenses, we will send, **FREE, One Hundred Articles,** packed in a handsome Gold Embellished Velvet and Plush Case, suitable for a Jewelry Casket, and with these 100 samples we know will enable you to GRAND A FORTUNE, and earn from $10.00 to $20.00 per week, run or shine, all the year round, honorably and easily. These articles are suitable for both men, young or old. It requires no capital, any one can conduct the business. If you do not wish for this chance, kindly hand to some person out of employment that needs a helping hand. If you have not the 25c. of your own, borrow it, and take our word for it, you will never have to borrow again. We do not name what we will send, for the reason that we are constantly changing the articles we send, always taking care however, to send only such articles as are the latest and best sellers, as this offer is made for the purpose of securing agents, and it is for our interest to send such articles that you can sell. Address at once

R. L. BABCOCK & CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

FREE! A Gold Watch. GOSSAMER GARMENTS. CARDS

The proprietors of the largest and manufactory in Connecticut wishing to introduce their Agents' Sample Book into every home at once, make the following liberal offer. The person telling us the largest verse in the Bible before June 1st, '85, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Watch** worth $50. If there be more than one correct answer the 2d, will receive a stem-winding American Watch; the 3d, a key-winding Swiss Watch. Each person competing must send 25 cts. with their answer for which they will receive 2 **Lady's Waterproof Gossamer Garments,** 1 pack Hidden Name, All Embossed, Bird Motto and Chromo Visiting Cards with their name on each and our New Agents' Sample Book, and a Premium List of 100 new styles of cards. CAPITOL CARD MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

$16 BREECH LOADER POWELL $16 Leading Shot (Front Action) Steel Rifled Barrels, Side Lever Action. Warranted good shooter or no sale.

GUNS

$12 MUZZLE LOADER Double Breech Gun has Bar Locks, guaranteed.

Our $15 Muzzle Loader now only $12.

Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Pistols, Watches, Knives, etc. See it before you buy.

P. Powell & Son, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

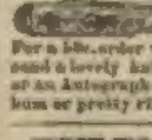
I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York

DR. LINQUIST'S

Spinal Misses' Waist,..... $1 75
Spinal Corset,..... 2 00
Spinal Nursing Corset,... 2 25
Spinal Abdominal Corset, 2 75
Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted. Dr. Linquist's Spinal Corset Co., 412 B'way, New York.

60 Cards

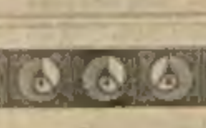


For a 10c. order we send a lovely knife or an Autograph Album or pretty ring

Fine Chromos, your name on, 10c. by mail, 15 hidden name new kind, 20c. 23 plain gold edge 10c. Agents wanted, big pay. Send 4c. for beautiful 100 samples to canvas with. HOLLEY CARD WORKS, Meriden, Conn.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.,

A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone.—I manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article used by the sporting fraternity to WIN with in games of chance. Send for illustrated circular. Address ENT BUYDAM, 63 and 65 Nassau Street, New York City.



50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. (not the cheap five-embossed pack) 3 packs and fine Rolled Gold Seal Ring for 50c. Agts.' Album, 25c. **Alling Bros. Northford, Ct.**

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING Outfits from $3.00 to $500.00. SIMPLE. EASY. PROFITABLE. 90-page Catalogue for 10 cents. **NATIONAL TYPE CO., Phila'a, Pa.**

40 Embossed and Hidden Name Cards, Handwriting Flowers &c., Game of Fortune and Present, 10c., 11 packs, Pearl Ring and Handkerchief, $1. BLAKESLEE & CO., North Haven, Ct.

40 CARDS, all covered name, Silk Fringed, Gilt Edge Hidden Motto and Embossed, with name 10c., 3 pks and present 30c. West & Co., New Haven, Ct.

40 Hidden Name, Perfumed and Embossed Cards, Pocket Calendar and new Samples, all 10c. 13 pks and Agents Outfit, $1. Clinton & Co., North Haven, Ct.

70 Chromo Cards and Tennyson's Poems mailed for ten 1-cent stamps. Acme Mfg. Co, Ivoryton, Ct.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the poor. Dr. Kruse, 2328 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE VERY BEST PRESENT

YOU CAN MAKE A FRIEND IS

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

—TO—

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST"

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE best dressed Parisiennes are wearing morning and walking costumes, made of soft coarse woollens, but which are light in weight and supple.

These new tissues have appeared under various names, such as Trapdestine, &c., but they closely resemble coarse serges, and are both plain and broche.

Another new woollen is called the Stuart; the bodice and draperies are plain, the skirt checked.

Some of the plain woollens—notably the bronze, fir-green, dark blue, and fall greys—are woven with a gold checked border down one selvedge, and this is used for edging skirt and tunic.

The usual style of making woollen costumes is a kilted skirt, a tunic on the cross mounted in wide plaits, close fitting jacket-bodice, opening over a narrow waistcoat of either fine broche woollen or dark silk dotted with color.

The buttons for fastening these jackets are generally of engine-turned wood, matching the costume in color, and representing an animal's head, a fleur-de-lys, a marguerite, a geometrical figure, &c.

The favorite trimming is guipure de laine, a coarse woollen lace with large meshes for groundwork, and the flowers embroidered in chenille.

This lace, which is produced in all shades is arranged as flat flounces and also as tabliers, with a row of velvet between each flounce.

Another trimming is the mohair galoon, interwoven with gold or steel threads, but the best houses use these braids with a very sparing hand, as, although they are bright and effective, they savor of tinsel.

A simple plan for making a woollen costume is to use double width material for the skirt.

This is passed round the figure, and has only one seam (that at the back), instead of the usual gored breadths; all the fulness is massed in layers of plaits that fall in with the placket hole behind.

Darts are taken in the top of the front and sides to make the skirt fit smoothly over the gored foundation skirt, and there is a cut cloth fringe around the lower edge, falling on the trimming of the foundation skirt, which trimming consists of two pinked and gathered frills of the cloth.

The polonaise over such a skirt has a round waist in front, and opens diagonally from right to left, a broad velvet sash encircling the waist; the sides are flat, the fulness being massed at the back.

To make a dress light in weight, silk is the best material for the foundation skirt, although alpaca and Silesia are often used. Worth is now putting watered silks in such skirts, thus making the inside almost as attractive as the outer part. The padding at the top of the sleeves is now frequently omitted.

Hats are certainly less exaggerated, and lower than those worn during the summer. The brims are narrow, and they are trimmed with enormous bows of either watered or velvet ribbon, with fancy birds (whose feathers and claws are tipped with gold), with embroidered galoons, with woollen laces, and with lace embroidered in gold, and, above all, in steel.

Bonnets are worn without strings. The brim has either one or two points, and the crown, in either velvet or felt, is medium-sized and conical.

Small capotes are always in vogue for carriage wear, and evening bonnets are made of white velvet or white Sicilienne, and trimmed with a pretty tuft of soft feathers.

Colored veils are much worn, but are less elegant than the simple tulle ones. The variety in the shape of hats is endless. There is the Gondola, the Halberdier, the Tyrolean, and the Casque de Chevalier.

A leading house is making felt and vigogne hats with high crowns and narrow brims; and red velvet hats with red velvet and gold terry bows; bonnets with dark green velvet crowns and steel lace brims, a bow of shrimp-pink terry ribbon fastened high in front.

Black velvet bonnets are embroiderd in relief in gold and in steel, and trimmed with pink feathers.

The ornaments generally are large bows of light color placed high in front, aigrettes of both gold and jet oats, gold lace, shot feathers, and borders of beaver, seal, and blue fox.

Each milliner seems to have her speciality for there are at one house three leading shapes—hats with narrow brims and high crowns, capotes with strings, and small calèches with the brim in two points, separated by a colored bow, and this shape had no strings.

An orange velvet hat, with blue feathers and bow, was novel; also a dark velvet calèche, trimmed with blue fox fur.

Plain velvet, ornamented with either birds, fur, or galoons, form the leading features in these millinery rooms.

For morning costumes supple woollens, some flecked with tufts, such as the bure de Carmelite and Cromwell serge; but the generality are plain and combined with beautiful new embroidery.

Plain velvet, velouting, and rich corded or ottoman silks are for dressy toilettes. The special embroideries at this house consist of frise and embossed velvets, the foundation being cut away, and the flowers, &c., worked round so that the edges do not fray; these are arranged on rich silks, and form an exquisite style of ornamentation.

For trimming woollen costumes there is the thick guipure called "Karthoum," which is made with mohair braid and arranged without fulness on both skirt and bodice.

Astrakan fur, and a pretty imitation of the same, likewise woollen lace, are also used as trimmings.

The guipure de laine is made in black with red flowers, or to match the costume, also in bands.

The following models are made with these new materials: For morning wear a blouse in dark red Cromwell serge cut with a yoke loose in front, gathered at the back, with band and bows of black velvet; skirt mounted in wide plaits and bordered with guipure de Karthoum, the same on the yoke and cuffs.

A carriage costume of plain red velvet, trimmed with a deep flounce of black and red woollen guipure.

Panier tunic in the same guipure (woven as piece lace in breadths), and draped on the right hip with a large black velvet bow; bodice to match over red silk; the waistcoat and pointed collar at the back are velvet, and there is a red velvet waistband.

These waistbands are composed of velvet, 10in. high in front, rounded off, and diminishing in size towards the back, where they are fastened to the bodice with a velvet bow.

They form a few plaits in front, are very novel, and will be worn with the new bodice, which is short and cut square at the waist in front.

A rich dinner dress is in black velvet and pink silk. The narrow pink tablier is plaited and framed with black Chantilly lace; the panels and waistcoat are frise velvet flowers cut out and embroidered as described and mounted on pink silk; the small square train and bodice are in plain black velvet.

Prune velvet, combined with pale lilac, which is appliqué with these frise velvet flowers, also forms a beautiful reception toilette.

A costume that has attracted considerable attention is composed of a skirt a combination of plain blue and checked red and blue cloth; the short jacket-bodice is edged with gold braid, the waistcoat is checked, and the sash is red silk.

Other stylish costumes are in cloth, in serge, and in plain velveteen, in such colors as nut brown, dark blue, and bottle-green, some having fancy spots; the trimmings gold braid, silk cord in blue and gold or brown and gold.

Astrakan, beaver, and thick braid, which last stands out in relief in vermicelli patterns.

The bodices are either double-breasted or with waistcoats to match the skirt trimming, and is worn with a Russian toque, trimmed with fur.

On New Year's Day some very handsome visiting costumes came to our notice, designed for ladies' calling-day.

One dress is composed of fine bison cloth in the new shade of Spanish brown.

It is made with long long coat polonaise, side panels, with postilion basque behind and vandyke fronts.

The edge of the coat panels are ornamented with one deep band of the same fur, and the collar and sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

Fireside Chat.

PINCUSHIONS.

BOX PINCUSHIONS.—We cannot better begin our directions for various shapes of pincushions than with the ever-popular box pincushion, so useful on every toilet table for holding trinkets, scissors, thimble, hair-pins, and sundry other small things, that never seem to have a place, or to be in it when they happen to have one.

In every family a wooden box, suitable for the necessary transformation is to be found—a cigar or fig-box is about the best to use.

The first thing to do is to cover the outside, and line the inside with glazed calico or whatever material is chosen, the outside should be covered first and then the inside lined.

The best way to line the inside is by cutting five pieces of card the exact size of the sides and bottom of the box, cover them with the calico and glue them firmly into place.

Next take the lid (in a cigar box, it is usually fastened to the bottom), cover it with the calico first, then make a square linen bag with sides, the exact size of the box, stuff it tightly with bran, and fix it to the top.

Care must be taken to make it thicker than a pin is long, or the points of the pins will stick into the wood underneath and become blunt.

Cover the whole of the upper part of the box with the glazed cambric, and attach it to the lower part by means of a hinge of tape sewn all along.

Then put two pieces of tape to serve as a support to the lid, fastening one end of the tape to the lid, and the other to the corresponding part of the bottom of the box.

Make a flounce of the stiff calico to go round the sides of the lower part of the box, so as to make the muslin stick out.

Now comes the interesting part of the work, the dainty muslin cover, which must be trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon to match.

A flounce of muslin must be tacked over the flounce of calico, and edged with lace; the top of the box must also be covered with muslin and a flounce of lace just round that.

A ruching of colored ribbon, tacked along the top of the lace is a great finish, and care must be taken to put a loop of ribbon on the front of the lid to lift it up by.

Various little additions will suggest themselves as the work progresses, such as a little bow on each corner of the lid, a pocket or to inside, and so on.

Toilet Pincushion.—Next to the box, the most useful shape of pincushion for a toilet table is the old-fashioned square shape, which has also the advantage of being most easily made.

Make a square or oblong bag of linen, and stuff it rather tightly with bran. Then make the smart outside cover; if it is to be of muslin and lace, there must be a colored cambric cover put on the cushion first.

Then cut out a muslin cover, the same size as the other, and trim it all round with lace, being careful to make it full at the corners, and to leave the fourth side open, so as to sew it up after the pincushion has been put into it.

This is the conventional way of trimming pincushions of this shape, but of late years, since embroidery has been so popular, there has been greater variety in pincushions as in everything else.

The prettiest are those the outside cover of which is worked in outline stitch and edged with fringe, while those of satin with a spray worked in one corner and finished with cord, are still more dainty and suitable for presents.

Lady's-maid's Pincushion.—These pincushions should be made to hang over the back of a chair, the most customary shape is like a bolster, with a loop stretching from end to end, large enough to pass over the back of an ordinary bed-room chair.

They are not all difficult to make. Cut a piece of material about eight inches wide and twelve inches long, draw up the end round a circular piece of the same material, stuff it with bran, and draw up the other end to match.

The tape or braid by which it is to hang to the chair must be nearly a yard long, or some people prefer two sets of strings sewn nearly at the end of the cushion, so that it can be tied at any height to the chair.

Brown holland and scarlet braid are the best materials to use for these cushions, as strength is more to be considered than beauty.

We now turn to the most fanciful forms of pincushions, of which there are so many, suitable either for bazaars or for trifling gifts.

Flat Pocket Pincushion.—These are very useful when travelling, or for gentlemen to carry in their waistcoat pockets.

Cut two rounds of cardboard the size required, about the size of a half-dollar is a good medium size.

Cut two pieces of silk or satin about half an inch larger than the cards, and cover them with it, sewing them together at the edges with small closely set stitches. If the silk is very thick it will be necessary to put one or two small round pieces of flannel between the two sides.

These pincushions, with a loop added at the side, are useful for hanging to a chatelaine.

They give great scope for ornamentation, a small colored picture, a hand-painted design, an embroidered spray—all these look well on a silk or satin surface, while plain velvet sides make a very pretty little cushion.

There is an equal variety of shapes in which these cushions may be made; oval, oblong, triangular, octagonal, star-shaped, and many others.

Another way of making a pocket pincushion is to cut a number of circles of flannel the size required, and to lay one on the top of the other until about half an inch thick.

Then cut two pieces of kid, or any fancy material, the same shape and size, and place one piece on either side of the pile of flannel, joining the two by sewing a very narrow piece of ribbon all round.

Bring six or eight lines of coarse colored sewing silk from the edge to the centre of both sides.

Correspondence.

S. L.—Very good.

JOHN G.—We advise you to consult some good physician.

V. T.—Do not be discouraged or hasty. Wait until your friend voluntarily calls upon you, and then treat him as kindly and pleasantly as usual. Do not write or manifest your desire for a reconciliation. Wait until you meet again in the natural course of events.

M. L. J.—The young man is rather selfish in monopolizing your time and affection without coming to some definite conclusion as to whether he intends to marry, as by doing so, he prevents you from accepting advantageous offers. If you love him so dearly, however, use your own discretion about waiting for him to pop the question.

READER.—The velocity of light is somewhere about 190,000 miles per second. That of electricity varies with the circuit. Wheatstone's calculation gives the rate of electrical discharge at 288,000 miles per second, but in long lines this is slowed down so much that in submarine cables it scarcely reaches thousands of miles per second.

T. C. D.—The experiment has not been tried on a large enough number to afford exact statistics, but only a small proportion of persons can be thoroughly mesmerised; and there are some to whom the process is dangerous. No one should submit to the attempts of others without the advice and consent of some one who knows whether it will be safe or not.

I. R. T.—You are by no means too old to learn the simple rules of arithmetic. Procure any plain and easy work on that subject, and it will not take you long to master addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Practice is what you need. You write a pretty fair hand, and express your ideas clearly, and we see no reason why you should not be able to learn how to make out bills correctly.

C. R. N.—Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia belonged to a noble family in the middle ages, and fill a large space in Italian history. According to the later historians the reputation of Lucretia has been made to suffer for the crimes of her brother and father, she herself being a cultivated and intelligent woman: morally, neither much better nor worse than the majority of the women of the corrupt society in which she lived.

L. S.—The only way to overcome your bashfulness is to go up to your friends when you meet them in the street, and speak to them. Do this resolutely and habitually, and the dread of doing it will soon begin to wear off, and will finally disappear. Go in society as much as you can, and talk with the ladies, as well as with the gentlemen. Force yourself to do this, and after a while you will find it comparatively easy to converse with anybody.

D. Y. T.—It is said that by using a mixture made by scraping horse-radish into a cup of cold sour milk, letting it stand for twelve hours, and then straining, freckles may be effectually removed. Apple tea or three times a day. The proper form of introduction is to present the gentleman to the lady, the younger to the older, the inferior to the superior. The exact words used in introductions are immaterial, if the proper order is preserved. If the lady is well acquainted with her escort, it would not be improper to invite him into the house after the entertainment, provided the hour is not too late, in which case she should ask him to call again some future time.

R. S. T.—The gases formed by the explosion of powder can all return to the solid or liquid form, through the ordinary processes of Nature. The two principal, carbonic-acid or carbon dioxide and nitrogen, form a large part of plant food. Hydrogen, sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic oxide, are often also formed. These by combination with the oxygen of the air, become either water, carbonic acid, or compounds which will unite readily with metals or carbonates to form solids. However, the volume of the atmosphere is so great, and the operations of nature in setting free and again taking up carbonic acid are on so enormous a scale, that even the daily burning by man of millions of tons of carbon, in the shape of coal, produces no appreciable change in the composition of the air.

DOMINO.—It always appears to us an unmanly thing for a husband to appropriate the money inherited by his wife and to dole it out to her as though he were the original proprietor. It should however be understood that the relationship of husband and wife is a partnership in which the latter is subordinate to the former, and she ought not to expect or desire to be treated as head of the house. At the same time we do most certainly think that a man who takes his wife's money and handles it as if it were of his own earnings is a mean-spirited creature, and cannot complain if he be not held in much respect. Nevertheless be wise, and submit rather than stir up strife, adding domestic misery to financial misfortune. Many persons have "rights" which it is not expedient to assert or enforce.

R. D.—A little friendly artifice is frequently employed in cases of this kind. Take some friend of the young lady into your confidence and find out what she would like or what would be serviceable and procure that. Many wedding gifts are valueless for want of this. A nice shawl pin, or a parlor ornament if he is to keep house, or a dressing table article is nice and fitting. Send your card attached to the article, and if you know the lady fairly write a kind note, telling her that you wish her every happiness, and that you hope she will accept something from you of no great value, but that it will recall the affectionate regard of her friend. Much of the charm will depend on the way in which the thing is done.

EXCELSIOR.—A galvanic battery may be made with a wooden trough filled with dilute sulphuric acid and divided into compartments with wooden partitions. At each end of the trough should be an upright with holes and pins or grooves to allow a wooden beam, bearing the metal plates, to be raised or lowered. On the wooden beam must be attached pairs of plates, alternately zinc and copper or zinc and platinum, and so arranged that, when the beam is lowered, a zinc and a copper plate will be in each compartment is connected with the copper plate of the next by metal at their upper side. The plates should be so fastened to the beam that they can easily be taken out and cleaned with mercury. In Daniel's batteries a cylinder of zinc is placed in dilute sulphuric acid within a glass vessel, within which is a porous earthenware vessel containing a copper cylinder immersed in a saturated solution of sulphate of copper.